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A Review of the World Economic Conference

By the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MacDONALD, M.P.

A verbatim report of a speech broadcast by the Prime Minister on July 27

I HAVE just come from the plenary meeting of the International Conference where it has been decided that the Conference, as a whole, should go into recess for a time which is to be as short as possible. Why is this being done? The explanation is simple. The great upheaval of effort now going on in the United States to recover prosperity has unsettled, for the time being, the value of the dollar. That, in turn, has raised some fears in Continental countries lest their own currency might be badly disturbed, and, again in turn, that made some delegations refuse to go on discussing monetary matters and questions like tariffs with which they are allied.

Meanwhile, busy men cannot be kept in London, and though certain committees will continue their work in full, meetings of the Conference have, for the time being, to be deferred. Pray do not misunderstand me. No one is to blame. It was just that uncontrollable conditions arose, and we might as well blame the Creator as the American Government. These things are; and poor men responsible for the government of States have just to make the best of circumstances. The blast came as one of the consequences of the efforts that were being made to combat American conditions, and was unfortunate for the Conference. What more can be said?

The cordial message I have had today from the President shows that he is one with us in our labours. The

countries most frightened by the unsteady movements of the dollar were those still on the gold standard. They believed that their own currencies were threatened, and that they were exposed to attacks by speculators who are acting at present on reviving industry and confidence as locusts on a sprouting field of corn. Most of these countries had already gone through terrible experiences in inflation, which had brought important sections of their people to ruin, had impoverished their working classes and exposed them to political revolution. They were not going to have that again if they could help it.

Our National Government saved this country from that danger. Memory of the nightmare of currency collapse made the representatives of those countries where it had been experienced rigid against any suggestion, or even discussion of any suggestion, however reasonable or desirable, which might disturb public sentiment in their countries and might plunge them again into that pit of uncertainty. The difficulty had been foreseen by us, and had conditions remained where they were in May or June it could have been overcome by some temporary agreement that would have carried the Conference on until the conditions of a more permanent settlement had arisen. Conditions had changed catastrophically, however, and in the great uncertainty no agreement was found to be possible. I am sure that an agreement is possible—but not in a hurry. We must work away at it as soon as cir-

cumstances permit. In any event, this monetary difficulty will be one of our immediate concerns. Its settlement will pave the way to an agreement on the principles which should underlie sound tariff and quota policies amongst other things.

You have all heard that the Conference is the biggest and the most representative that has ever assembled under one roof. You have been told that over sixty nations are there, with their diversities of race, language, interests, and social and political conceptions; that the list includes six Prime Ministers, seven Foreign Secretaries, seven Ministers of Finance, and so on. I wish you could have seen the actual meetings, and could have been present, say, at those daily conferences of the various chairmen and *rapporteurs*, with their experts, which have met in my room to keep the work going, and to see that everything was moving systematically, and that no point of importance was being overlooked. They were severe business assemblies, and yet with those Ministers and those experts, whose advice decides the course not only of national but of world policy, all sitting round the same table, discussing, proposing, amending, negotiating, there was something more than a spirit of mere business in our midst. There was also something of a fulfilling prophecy of hope, a whisper of the imperturbable approach of world co-operation—an embodiment of the lilt: 'It's coming yet, for a' that'.

Do not believe what you read about the failure and uselessness of these Conferences. Several have been held since the War; they have all, in varying degree, revealed obstacles in the way of unity of action, and yet every one has contributed something to the final success of world co-operation. Imagine what the world would have been without them. They are the pioneers of a new system of world co-operation; the inevitable result of democracy active in world affairs. They have not to spring at once into full-fledged efficiency; their beginnings must be beset by impediment, and yield but partial success for a time. Temporary difficulties must not be exaggerated. It would have been a miracle, in view of the size of this Conference, the nature of its business, the shifting conditions of the world, had this one not been held up at some point; but *do* remember, to be held up is not to be ended.

The obstacles are removable, and they will be removed. We are not only trying to discover how the economic state of the world is to be improved, but we are part of the great tendency to strengthen the mind to mutual aid and international co-operation as the way of peace. The personal meetings and exchange of views as to world policy have themselves been a great gain, fully appreciated only by those who have taken part in them.

Let me mention some of the big issues with which the Conference has been charged to deal. Generally, our work is to devise ways and means of bringing about a revival of world trade and of removing the causes which led to the present disastrous collapse. We wasted no time in getting down to business. Opportunity had to be given at the outset for the leading delegates to explain generally the position of their countries, their particular problems, and the policies which they favoured. Thirty-four delegates spoke, but at the end of the third day we were in a position to set up a well-thought-out scheme of committees and commissions, to each of which were assigned various questions and groups of questions which composed our very lengthy agenda.

Work went rapidly during the first fortnight or three weeks, when various important committees were confronted with the difficulty which I explained a few minutes ago. Then came the pause. Another question beside this monetary one we have had to consider is Debts. It has been repeatedly said during the meetings of the Conference that until the nations faced the problem of their debts there could be no healthy recovery in trade. Debts are partly governmental and partly private. During the War, and for a considerable time after it, a great many nations have been living and meeting obligations by

borrowing. Now they have to face up to their burdens and their commitments. Debts contracted far above the capacity of countries to pay, together with policies which prevent goods being sent in payment, are now the bane of every Finance Minister and of every enterprising business man. At the present level of prices the nations of the world cannot carry their debts, and the sooner we recognise that the better. The Conference was no place to discuss inter-Government debts, on account of its composition, but other debts have to be studied by it in order to set up the right machinery for dealing with them. Here again we get back to the need for greater co-operation in financial and economic policies to restore the international movement of goods and services.

Debts are so heavy because prices have fallen so much. Increase prices, especially by extra consumption, and the burden of debt is lowered. This is another of the questions which is being carried away by chairmen and members of committees who will meet again in due time to work at solutions. There was universal agreement that the world wholesale prices of primary products would have to be raised. For one reason or another they have fallen well below economic levels, until the fields are going out of cultivation, or, if cultivated, bring only the wretched harvest of losses. There are people who tell the consumer that these higher prices are all to his detriment. Never was there a more short-sighted view than that. The consumer cannot live on bread which is cheap by reason of the ruin of agriculture. The great democratic movements in trade and commerce, like the trade union and the co-operative movements, are not so blind to their permanent interests as to commit themselves to the doctrine of cheapness at any price and upon anyone's sacrifice.

Upright people must feel that the producers of everything which they consume should enjoy a fair return for their labour. The effect of an uneconomic price, whether it is for labour in the fields or in the workshops, is to starve consumption at its very root, and one of the reasons why engineers, cotton operatives, and others are unemployed in Great Britain is that the ryot in India, and the farmers in the Middle States of America, in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, have, for a long time, failed to get a due reward for their labour in the markets of the world.

The Conference has to approach this question of rising prices in different ways. First of all there is the question of increasing consumption. It is a disgrace to our civilisation that in a world of plenty millions of human beings in many nations should be underfed and under-clothed. If we could restore the purchasing power of the nations which have been impoverished, and expand our resources by a greater employment of the people, we might, in time, get rid of the present excess of production and the menace of a possibility of over-production.

In the meantime, however, we have to face the question of controlling production. What, in the name of common-sense, can anyone object to in a rational and well-thought-out scheme for limiting production in relation to the market demand? So great is now our power of production that to give it absolute free play would not only, as was once the case, provoke the dangers of monopoly and cornering, but would make it impossible for producers, on account of the volume of production, to secure an economic price for their goods in an uncontrolled market.

The danger of this control is, however, well known. Those of us who say it has to be applied, at any rate as a temporary measure, are fully aware of these dangers, and are trying to provide against them; but in working I think it will be found that the dangers when they are arrayed on paper are more theoretical than practical.

All these old conditions of the absolutely free market and the complete safety of uncontrolled production have changed within recent years, and, though our bodies may

(Continued on page 176)

Mountaineering in the Lake District

By R. B. GRAHAM

THE word 'mountaineering' sounds very grand, but it covers a lot of different proceedings. It is sometimes quite hard to know when people are 'mountaineering' and when they are not.

In the Lake District on any fine day in the summer you can see rows of huge charabancs on the narrow roads. The labels show that they come from Morecambe or are going to John o' Groats, and there are lots of cheery people in them, who look up and see parts of the sides of the mountains. No doubt that's great fun, but it's not exactly mountaineering.

Budding Mountaineers

Take it a stage further. Sometimes those charabancs stop by the old Nag's Head at Wythburn and there they spill out forty or fifty people, who start 'with struggle, toil and pain', as the hymn says, to climb the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn. Now Helvellyn is a very fine hill. It is over three thousand feet high, and, when they get to the top, our friends from the charabanc can look down from the east side, over grand crags, on a splendid view. In front of them two ridges called Swirrel Edge and Striding Edge, curving together like the claw of a lobster, enfold a great coombe, with the waters of Red Tarn at the bottom, and beyond, if the day is fine, there is Ullswater gleaming in the sunshine. Now our fifty friends are in a manner mountaineering. Their boots may be thin; they may have far too many clothes on for the ascent, or far too few for the cold winds on top; perhaps they have gone up the hill in little rushes followed by panting halts; perhaps they would never have tackled the climb at all, though it is quite easy and has a clearly marked path, if there had not been a professional guide or some experienced person to show them the way. Of course they could really see it for themselves quite easily.

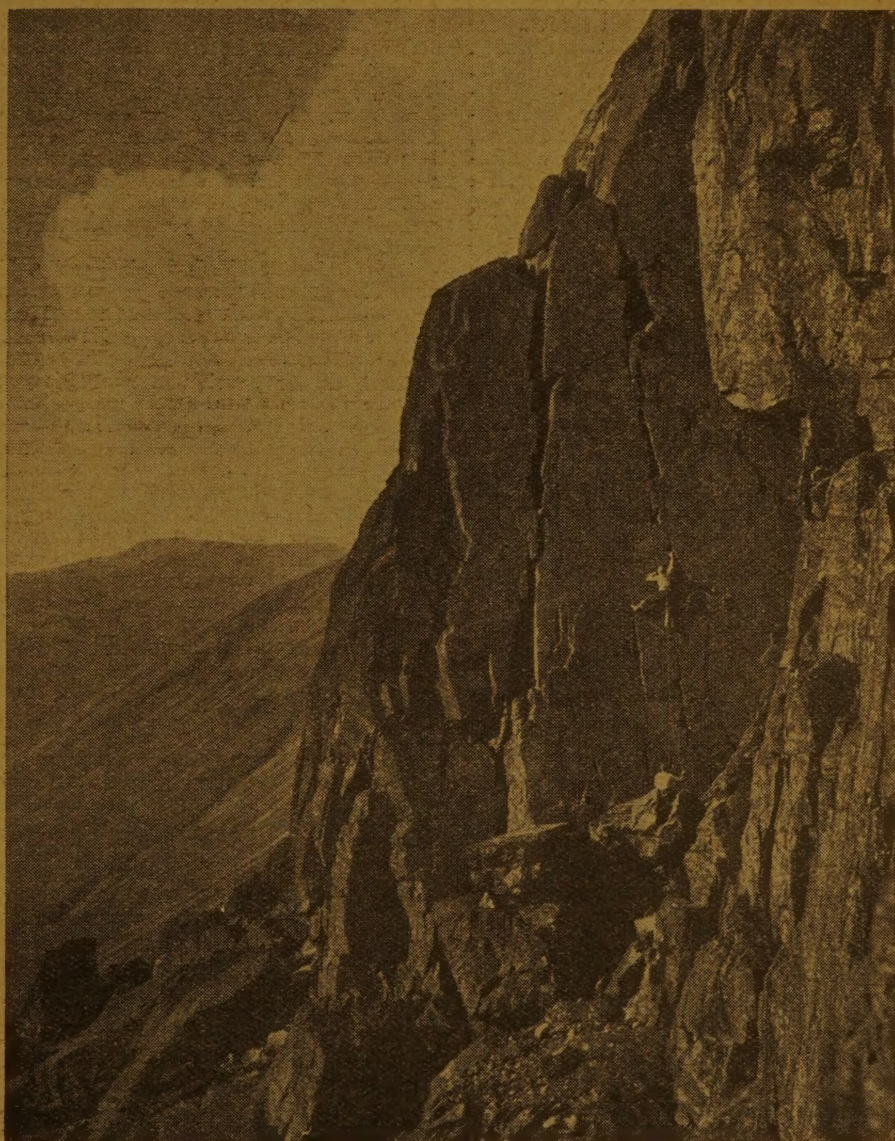
The real mountaineer will be quite different. His boots will be strong; he will be wearing the proper clothes for the day and the mountain, carrying a few extras in his sack; he will know by experience the exact pace that he could keep up for ever, so that he goes up the mountain side with no halts except to look at the view, or at birds or flowers or anything else on the mountain that specially interests him. He would have found the way himself even if he had never seen the mountain before,

and without any path to guide him. He knows from experience the hills that he can trust, the mountains to give him pleasure without help from anyone else.

And yet our friends from the charabanc have got something worth having; and if they have made the best of it they have begun to be mountaineers. Perhaps they have felt the joy of tackling the job of walking up Helvellyn. Perhaps they enjoyed the glimpse of a stream in the ghyll on their left, or turned to look back with pleasure at the waters of Thirlmere below them.

They are almost sure to have been thrilled, as they came over the final ridge, by the sight of Ullswater and the Kentmere Hills, with Red Tarn below them in its rocky hollow. These things are the beginning of wisdom, from the mountaineer's point of view.

But those who have the root of the matter in them will not be content for long with going up only the easiest mountains by the easiest ways in the finest weather. A great part of the joy of mountaineering lies in setting yourself a task that will call out pretty well all your powers in pulling it off. After the gentle Wythburn slope of Helvellyn our budding mountaineer will look down on Striding Edge and wonder whether he or she could safely go up that way. As they go up Scafell Pike they will look across at the shapely peak of Great Gable and



Kern Knotts Crack, Great Gable

Photograph: G. P. Abrahams

be attracted by it just because there is obviously no soft way up. Then from the top of the Pike they will come in sight of the magnificent precipices of Scafell. It is a great grey-brown crag with immense faces of apparently perpendicular rock, seamed and scarred by deep gullies, which are often full of snow in the winter. The beginner will realise that there are struggles and problems and gloriously thrilling places, which he will need a special art and a special training to be able to tackle and to enjoy. He is at present in the prep-school stage of his subject; across, on that other hill, lies his 'further education'.

And perhaps as he looks at it he will for the first time begin to feel dissatisfied with the enormous throng of his fellow creatures that he has walked with that day. The jolly business of finding the way has been denied him; he hasn't even had the chance of expressing opinions, probably wrong ones, on that

subject. There is another thing, too. He has had no chance to feel what is called the silence of the mountains, 'the peace that is among the lonely hills'. And as long as he goes out in fifties, he never will. When he finds out that he wants only one or two companions on the hills, he is well on the road to be a real mountaineer.

Practice Without Risk

Real mountaineers are both born and made. To be any use, they have to be a bit of both. Mr. Geoffrey Young has written a fine book about mountaineering and called it *Mountain Craft*. The best way to learn a craft, as everyone knows, is to serve an apprenticeship under an old hand. It is true that you can get a lot out of a book like Geoffrey Young's. And you can learn a good deal about rocks if you just go and rub your nose up against them. But if you want to learn that way, you must be sensible as well as plucky, or your climbing career will probably be short and sharp. You had better not go into positions where a fall would mean death or serious injury. But there are plenty of short rocks and boulders on any of our mountain sides where good practice and good fun can be had without much risk. People who get themselves into difficulties on a hill can be an awful plague to other people. Of course they will hurt themselves, and give a lot of anxiety and distress to their fond relations. But I am not thinking either of them or their relations, really. I warn anyone who is thinking of becoming a stretcher-case that mountaineers will probably rescue them, but must not be expected to love them into the bargain. I have been on one or two rescue parties, and, after the first novelty has worn off, it is a very trying and tiring business. It is annoying to lose one's day's climbing, or even one's night's rest, and it is no end of a job getting a stretcher down a steep gully or over a rocky hillside. But the main annoyance of the matter is that these incidents do harm to the sport. Some hare-brained young idiot falls off a place that he has no business to be on. If he has no business to be there, it is perhaps in right ordering that he should fall off and hurt himself. But one result is that a lot of otherwise sensible people get the idea that mountaineering is a very rash and foolish sort of entertainment, and that's a sad mistake.

I don't mean that every mountain accident is like that. Even experienced people are sometimes in danger. There are two sorts of danger. In the Alps a sudden turn in the weather may very occasionally catch a party in an impossible position—or the odd falling stone, or a snow avalanche from a quite unusual quarter may bring disaster without blame. We can class dangers of this sort as 'incalculable'. I can only remember one such case in the Lakes. A strong party of four was near the top of Walker's Gully on Pillar Rock when there was a cloud-burst which in a minute or two changed their gully into a waterfall one and a half feet deep. They couldn't get up, so they climbed down. Three of them got hurt in short falls, and it was only the splendid mountaineering qualities of the fourth member of the party that got them all down alive as the Easter night closed in. But our staid old hills don't often play such tricks, and the incalculable sort of accident is very rare among them. The accidents that do happen could nearly all be prevented by care and wisdom. They arise generally from one of three causes: lack of experience in handling loose rock, lack of attention to proper security precautions, and lack of wisdom in biting off more than one can chew.

The Art of Going Safely in Dangerous Places

Mountaineering is really the art of going safely in dangerous places. When you are not going to make your step safely, you should not make your step at all. And it takes some training and experience before you begin to know when you can go and when you can't. Far the best way is apprenticeship under someone who knows rocks and is safe among them so far as imperfect human beings can be safe. In the Alps, you can get this help, if you can afford it, from guides. And in the Lakes in recent years there has been a revival of the professional guide. The idea's not new. I remember when I was a small boy at Grasmere thirty years ago a man with a white pony, on which he used to convey stout old ladies to the top of Helvellyn. It was fun to watch though I doubt if it was very much fun either for the white pony or for the old ladies. And good old Mr. Ned Nelson, still farming at Gatesgarth, has told me that when he was a lad, seventy and odd years ago, he used to make an occasional five shillings by piloting tourists over Scarf Gap and Black Sail Pass till they were in sight of the Wastdale houses 'and couldn't well loss theirselves'. There was plump old Gaspard, too, a guide from Savoy, who used to establish himself at Wastdalehead, and after approaching the rocks by the mildest possible path and ascending them by one of the most accustomed routes would return comfortably to the inn kitchen. There he learnt the language, not English indeed but 'reet Cumberlând'. There is a story of an English climber who had engaged Gaspard in his native Alps and was astonished at a difficult place to hear from above the exhortation: 'Haud on to t'reeap, tha great gowk!' The advice was as curious as the English in which it was expressed. The rope isn't for holding on to. It's chiefly to enable others to go safely after the leader. The rope only secures him for little

bits of the climb, while he is near his second. When he undertakes to lead a climb he practically undertakes not to fall off it. This means that on most climbs he must be prepared to go down what he goes up. He mustn't make upwards a movement that he isn't also prepared to make downwards, for fear he may come, higher up, to some place that he can't get up at all. He needs both wisdom and experience before he can be sure of judging right in this delicate matter.

I don't know whether the youngish men who have lately set up as rock-climbing guides are going to turn out very useful to young aspirers or not. It depends mainly on whether they are interested in training mountaineers, or whether their main concern is to pull visitors up severe climbs like Eagle's Nest Direct, just as the Swiss guides haul up the Matterhorn lots of people who will never climb again.

The Way of the Leader with a Novice

We will suppose, however, that our beginner has found a sensible guide, either a useful pro. or (perhaps through one of the climbing clubs) an experienced friend. What a vista of happy effort lies in front of him! Before long he will find himself at the foot of a climb wondering how to tie the rope on. Then, when a good firm knot has him safe, the climb begins. Let us suppose that it is Kern Knotts Chimney on Great Gable, a quite suitable place for a strong and active beginner, but very different from the famous Kern Knotts Crack just round the corner. A chimney, by the way, is a rift in the rock, wide enough for you to get your shoulders into: a crack is a rift only big enough for your fingers and toes, which is much less comforting.

This chimney climb begins easily. The leader for about thirty feet climbs up some steep rocks with big holds for his hands and feet, and disappears above: the rope goes on running out for a yard or two more; then it ceases to do so, and there is a pause during which nothing at all seems to be happening, but our beginner is vaguely aware that his zero hour is approaching. Then he hears a shout from above, 'Come on!' and he starts. A few feet up he finds it a little awkward. He probably uses a knee and clings to the rock in an oddly contorted position, which he somehow can't remember the other man doing. However, he extricates himself and arrives quite happily on a large platform of rock at the top of the pitch. There he finds out what the leader had been doing in that queer moment of quiet. He had tied himself securely on to a big firm block of rock, called a belay. A wise leader will probably show his novice the two or three sound ways of using a belay, and will certainly tie the young man to the rock before he goes on to the next and more difficult pitch himself. The belay makes sure that if the novice comes off on the first pitch, he won't pull the leader into a thirty feet fall. After that, if by any chance the leader fell out of the chimney on the second pitch, the belay would prevent him from pulling the novice off.

The second pitch is about forty feet high and is much harder work, especially for people who rush at it, like a bull at a gate, and don't think. The first resting place is only five or six feet up, but it is quite awkward to get into. Then comes the crux of the matter. You are standing sideways in the chimney with your right foot and right shoulder in towards the mountain and your left foot and left arm out towards the sunshine. Got that? Very well: there is a wall of rock close behind you—and a wall of rock very near your nose in front of you. This one in front of you is scraped and scratched with nail-marks, and nearly opposite your left shoulder, well out towards the air, are two little sloping footholds, 'slabby' ones we call them. They are polished with much scraping, and they don't look at all comforting to stand on. Above you on the right the chimney narrows and there is a jammed stone, what we call a 'chock-stone', in this case nice and squarely cut so that you could hold on to it. But it is several feet above your highest reach, and no other handholds are anywhere in sight except a poorish one on the wall in front. The novice who looks at the place reflects that if he could get his left foot up on to the 'slabby' holds in front of him, and if he could stand on it when he got there, he could get hold of the top of that chock-stone and then pull himself out on to a platform above it. But can he do either of these things? He can, if he remembers the wall behind him. Leaning back against this and pushing hard against the wall in front of him with hands and probably knees, he gradually manages to gain inch by inch the height he needs. He gets his left foot on to the slabby holds at last, thinking them miserabler and miserabler the more he looks at them. And it is just at this point that he shows us whether he is a really promising youngster or not. The promising one does two things. First, he quickly sees that those wretched little sloping footholds will become quite friendly and satisfying if, with his feet on them, he keeps up the pressure of his back against the wall. That will hold him on to them: without it he would certainly slip off. The second thing is a matter of labour saving. The natural tendency is, for safety's sake, to edge in to the right towards the mountain; but there the chimney narrows, and to work yourself up against the friction is a great toil. If, however, you move boldly out to your left, towards the void, and away from this security,



Striding Edge, with Ullswater in the distance

Photograph : A. D. Pochin

you can push yourself easily up on the sloping footholds, and the chock-stone, though you are further out from it, is easily within your grasp. You swing round on it and scramble up triumphant. After that things are less strenuous, but the climb is interesting all the way up. The top pitch is an open slab of rock, and there our novice learns another lesson. He finds that climbing isn't all a matter of pulling on handholds; it is far more important to be able to stand delicately balanced on a rather unsatisfying foothold.

Good Climbing from Perfect Balance

That is why good climbers are very often not men of tremendous muscle. Some of the best climbers of all have been short and stocky men, whose balance is sound because they carry their weight low; if tall, they are men of perfect balance, and so exceptionally lithe and graceful in their movements. John Wilson Robinson, one of the pioneers, was a good example of the stocky type, and Siegfried Herford, lost to us, alas! in the War, of the tall and graceful sort. Curiously enough, Herford wasn't particularly graceful except on the rocks. It is true that he was good to watch as he swung along a mountain path, but you had to see him on a climb before you could tell how finely all his powers of mind and body were kept in tune together. It was grand to see him go with perfectly balanced and rhythmical movement up an open face of rock on small holds.

One could probably find equally good examples among living climbers, but they wouldn't like it. An old fell-side farmer, after long reflection on the strange phenomenon of climbing, once said to me, 'You're just settin' yan anither a capper'. He meant that climbers only go in hard places so as to be able to score off one another—like the well-known children's game of who can lean furthest over the canal bank. I tried to explain to old Willie that there isn't a great deal of rivalry among mountaineers, certainly not enough to explain, as he thought, the whole silly occupation. We don't have 'capping' matches with one another, but with the mountain. He sets you a hard crack, or a tough chimney, or a smooth and sloping slab of rock, or a steep wall with few holds—and in wet weather his allies of rain and wind and cold and ice come in to help him. If you get up, it is one to you; if you don't, it is one to the mountain—so you climb down and 'give him best' like a sportsman if you can.

I think that is really the essence of mountaineering; and it means that you aren't a complete mountaineer if you are only a dry-weather climber. Of course you will enjoy dry days and sunny rocks and airy holds in delicately poised rubbers best of all. We shan't quickly forget last Whitsuntide! But the mountains have other grimmer moods than these, in which

battles are fought out without quarter, and every tough quality has to be thrown in if you're to win. On those days easy climbs become difficult and difficult climbs become severe, and fingers go numb in the wind, and the leader asks for a knife to hack the ice out of the holds, or clears off the pillows of snow on to the heads of his friends below, and the party struggles home long after dark, soaked through—to eat an epic meal in a cosy Borrowdale farm, where they probably decide (over the third helping of the best mutton in the world) that after all that day, too, has been one they wouldn't have missed for all the soft delights of other lands. As years go by, a man will go milder and milder expeditions on such days as that, and there will be more of them on which he does not go out at all, but the one that really cares for the mountains will want both to have known them and sometimes still to meet them in all their many moods. You know it is a sort of marriage; you and the mountains take one another 'for better, for worse'. There is a tradition of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, in its New Year Meet at the Buttermere Hotel, that the North Climb on Pillar must always be climbed, whatever the weather, by one party at least on the first day of the year. That is a good tradition. And as long as determined young climbers keep it up, the mountains won't be without the proper companions of their solitude.

Listener Photographic Competition

ENTRY FORM

*NAME (state MR., MRS., or MISS)

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*ADDRESS.....

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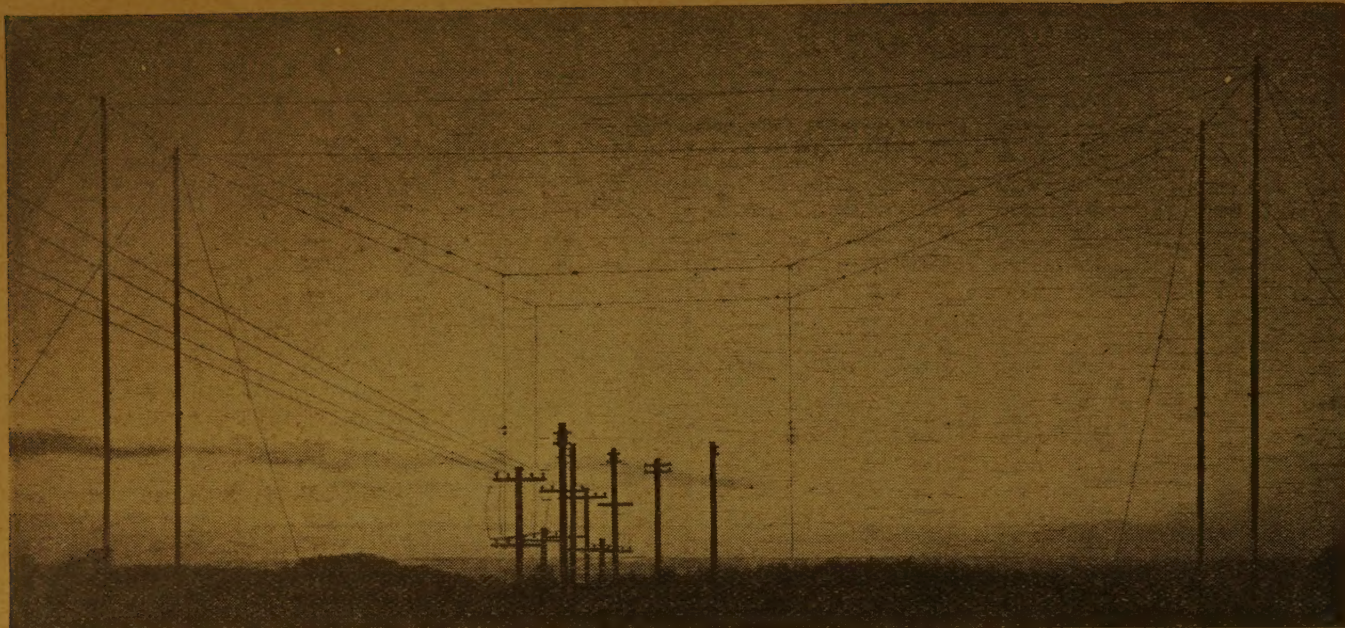
TITLE OF PHOTOGRAPH:

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I certify that the attached photograph is my personal work and has not been previously published. I agree to abide by the conditions of the Competition as published in THE LISTENER of July 12 (page 51)

(Signed).....

*To be written in BLOCK LETTERS



The Australian Aerial Array at the Empire Broadcasting Station, Daventry

Six Months of Empire Broadcasting

By the DIRECTOR OF THE B.B.C. EMPIRE AND FOREIGN SERVICES

EMPIRE Broadcasting, the latest development of our service, is one about which you all probably know a little, but you may possibly like to hear something about the inner workings and the way we are endeavouring to deal with what is really rather a complicated problem. It was always realised—for we had been experimenting since 1927—that Empire Broadcasting was, in more senses than one, a tricky business. There were technical obstacles to be overcome, there were questions of time and space to be circumvented, there was a large and scattered audience whose daily habits varied in accordance with occupation and situation. It would therefore have been foolhardy to have started with anything in the nature of an ambitious scheme of programmes, of long broadcasting hours, of elaborate and exaggerated publicity. The basis then of the scheme which came into operation last December was a very simple one. We will endeavour, we said, to provide listeners within the Empire with a daily programme of two hours in duration receivable somewhere between the hours of 5.0 p.m. and 12.0 midnight local time. Further, we will give during the course of that programme a news bulletin. No more than that did we guarantee. In fact, realising that there was so much experimenting to be done with wavelengths, with aerial arrays, with programme items themselves, we said that to start with the programmes would be more or less dull and uninteresting.

Owing to the very considerable time variation within every zone, some people were obviously better off than others. In Zone 1, for instance, persons living in the populous districts of Eastern Australia could hear us from about 8.0 to 10.0 in the evening. (At that time we were broadcasting from 9.30 to 11.30 in the morning.) But New Zealand, with its summer-time during our six winter months, had to wait until 9.30 to 11.30 p.m. In Western Australia, on the other hand, it was rather early (5.30 to 7.30 p.m.). This kind of thing occurred in all zones, and we realised that it wasn't ideal, but we had to make a start. Then habits and customs had to be considered. We might get our times what we thought were more or less right but we suspected considerable variation in the customs of peoples—for instance, when they went to bed at night, when they had dinner, when they finished work, etc. The home criterion was no good. Finally, programmes themselves. Firstly: what did people want and what was going to get over in receivable condition? We were pretty sure about one thing, and that was that a large majority would wish to be kept in touch with this country to hear all that was topical and of day-to-day interest both in news and entertainment. But, apart from this, we were exploring a new field, and we had only general ideas as to what would carry well over the long distances and short waves. How then were we to make progress and to amass the vital information? In two ways. First, to ensure that full details of our programmes were available overseas; and second, to ask for the co-operation of listeners themselves. Programme publicity we achieved by means of the ready co-operation of the overseas daily Press, who were supplied with our day-to-day programmes, and by the development of one of our existing publications. Since Empire broadcasting started, *World-Radio* issues an

'Empire Edition'. This is not sold in this country, but it goes to press many weeks in advance and is dispatched by an elaborate postal schedule to all corners of the Empire, in such a manner as to arrive carrying the programmes to be broadcast from the Empire Station for the week immediately following the date on which it is in the subscribers' hands.

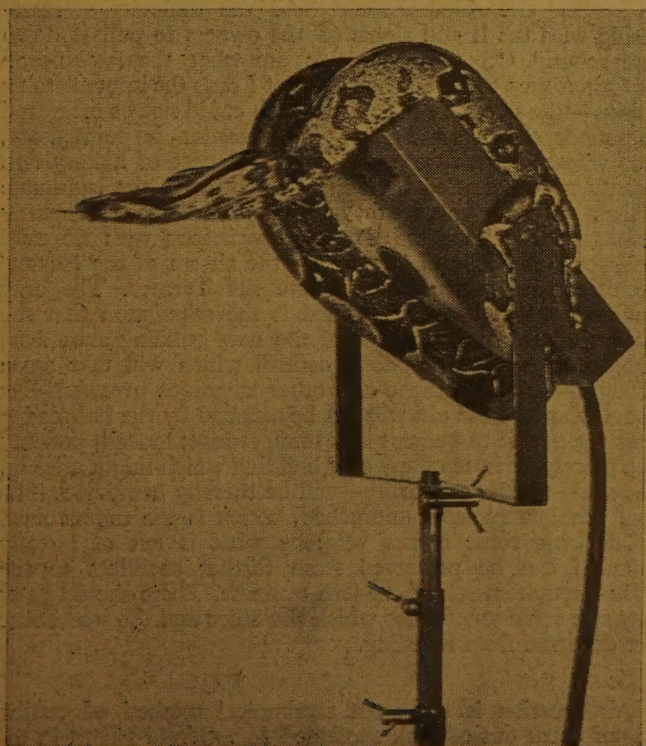
Now about listeners' co-operation. Before the Station opened, and after the opening, over the Empire microphones we stressed the fact that progress would only be achieved in accordance with the measure of helpful suggestions and criticism both technical and of a programme nature received from Empire listeners. To use a colloquial expression, we 'plugged' this fact. But it has been well worth it. The first letters began to come in early in January, and now we have received over eight thousand from all over the world. We look upon this as a magnificent response and are immensely grateful to all those who have helped us. And the letters continue to come, and, what is more, the volume does not tend to decrease, as it well might have after the first excitement had abated. And what do these letters say? In general terms they show a great appreciation for this new link with home, and this comes not only from the exile, but also from the man and woman born and bred in the Dominions or Colonies. The Christmas Day programme and the message from H.M. the King evoked unanimous praise and letters—one and all were notable for the deep sense of loyalty which exists throughout the Empire. Programmes are criticised, suggestions are made, but, as a result, it has not only been possible to extend and adjust the hours of broadcasting, but also to model programmes to meet the requirements of those to whom they are directed. We started with ten hours' broadcasting per day; we are now working for fourteen and a half. There is much work still to be done: not until we have completed a full year shall we be in possession of many of the facts which it is essential for us to know, but since the service opened the whole Empire has had the opportunity of sharing with us here in listening to the outstanding events of our home programmes—I don't want to give you a catalogue, but, if I quote, as examples, Canterbury Cathedral, Covent Garden, the Queen's Hall, the Boat Race, the Derby, Wimbledon; you will see what I mean.

There is now some justification for saying that what was largely experimental at the beginning of the year is regarded as an established feature of everyday life in many quarters of the Empire. But do not be misled into thinking that reception conditions are comparable yet with those of home broadcasting. In some places they are good, but in others, notably in New Zealand, they are unfortunately most unreliable, and there is a great deal of work ahead of us. But, though progress will obviously be very much slower, we may, I think, liken the present state of Empire broadcasting to what was taking place in this country some ten years ago. 'We had a few friends round to listen to the programmes from London', say many correspondents. How many of us who can remember the early days of broadcasting in this country did not 'go round' to an enthusiastic friend's home to hear this latest invention! And what did we do in many cases? We said we must get a set for ourselves, if only for the purpose of hearing Big Ben or the weather forecast. History repeats itself.

The Zoo in the Television Studio



A baby alligator before the televisor on July 7



The snake's 'turn' at the microphone



Undisturbed by the 'onlookers', a bird eats from its keeper's mouth



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.I. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.

Needs of the Unemployed

PERHAPS the most striking part of Mr. S. P. B. Mais' talk last week on 'Clubs for the Unemployed' was his plea for a better co-ordination of the countless ideas and experiments that are now being tried out in different centres all over the country. 'One of the most surprising things to me', he says, 'about my visits up and down the country is the continued ignorance on the part of one town or club of the activities of every other town or club'. And at the conclusion of his talk he calls for a building-up of what many have desired and striven for in the past, 'a clearing-house of ideas, a place for every sort of industrial and artistic experiment, where we can all learn how best to turn our leisure to advantage, whether we are employed or not, and how best to retain a stable sense of values in an unstable world'. He visualises the establishment of what he calls 'a regular staff college, where experts and beginners can come together and discuss individual difficulties', a college with its own research department busy on working out new constructive experiments. Mr. Mais' aspirations are in line with those of all who have worked to help the unemployed; and no doubt the recognition by the Government of the National Council for Social Service as a co-ordinating agency has been a step in the direction of their realisation. The 'staff college' idea is already in being in the form of various national committees on allotments, handicrafts and other aspects of the work which have come into being, the latest addition to which is a committee under Lord Eustace Percy's chairmanship which has just been set up by the British Institute of Adult Education to stimulate the provision of educational facilities for the unemployed.

Nevertheless, there is an implied reproach in Mr. Mais' urging upon us the need for more planning of this help which is being given to the unemployed. Even at this late hour, our treatment of the subject has been haphazard in typically English fashion. Foreign governments and scientists have indeed set us an example with regard to the exacter investigation of the human factor, that is the psychological and physiological conditions which have to be borne in mind in devising schemes for putting to creative and constructive use the leisure of the unemployed. Mr. Mais tells us in his talk of certain elementary mis-

takes which we have now learned to avoid in our approach to the problem; but we have not yet sufficient material to be sure that we know what the unemployed man or woman really needs, assuming, as seems to be inevitable in many cases, the further prolongation of the unemployed state. We offer on other pages of this issue what we believe to be an important contribution to the elucidation of this need—a series of first-hand statements by the unemployed themselves of their own feelings about their own experiences. These 'Memoirs of the Unemployed' parallel what has already been collected and published in Poland and elsewhere. They tell us some of the facts which no observer can ever get at and no Blue Book or report ever records.

Investigations based on the further collection of such first-hand material are well worth pursuing. It is a pity, for example, that we have nothing in this country to set alongside the careful analysis of an unemployed village in Austria which was recently made by the Vienna Psychological Institute. We should then be in a position to know how far there had appeared in our midst that 'phenomenon of resignation', in the form of apathy or hopelessness, which the Viennese psychologists have made much of in their enquiry. We should know more about the effects of unemployment upon the intellectual and social life of the persons affected, the influence which it exerts on their attitude towards politics, and so forth. Possibly, if we had more exact information on this kind of subject, it would provide a clue to explaining some of the tendencies which have emerged in Europe today towards the discrediting of democracy and towards outbreaks of national hysteria. And certainly the gathering and analysis of such data is an indispensable preliminary to the discovery of the new policy we require for the reconstruction of the future lives of the sufferers from unemployment.

Week by Week

SO the Adelphi Terrace is to go the way of Carlton House Terrace, and historical and æsthetic considerations must again take second place to business needs. On the one side we have heard the arguments of commonsense—that is, the waste of good space involved in keeping the Adelphi intact, and the difficulty of interfering with the lawful rights of the owners to pull it down and rebuild. On the other side are what the Archbishop of Canterbury called in the House of Lords the imponderable things—'the things of the spirit which could not be measured in pounds, shillings and pence'. The question, he pointed out, was whether there were claims on the part of history and beauty which entitled Parliament to set aside the legitimate claims of the owners of the estate. Parliament evidently thinks not. Neither the literary associations with Boswell, Johnson, Gibbon and others, nor the charm of the Adams' architecture have sufficed to save the Terrace. The only concession that has been gained is the stipulation that the design of the river frontage of the new building should be subject to a form of public control which will take some thought for the æsthetic and other amenities involved. But those who love the old will not be satisfied by the knowledge that the new is to be kept in leading strings: indeed, possibly the principal virtue of any new building which might arise on the site—that is, originality—will be thereby hampered. The real problem remains untouched, which is the urgent need of devising some means whereby what is left of historic London can be preserved from further sacrifices to the spatial requirements of modern business. There should be at any rate some sanctuaries which the office and the warehouse are debarred from invading.

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Hydrogenation is the most economical method of getting motor spirit out of coal, explained Mr. Gerald Heard in his talk last week on the subject of 'Oil from Coal'. This process will yield out of every hundred tons of coal no less than sixty-

two tons of motor spirit, as well as various by-products and a solid residue which can be used again as fuel for cooking the coal and making it yield the spirit. The basic principle of the process is as follows: 'Chemically speaking coal and oil have a great deal in common. They both have in their make-up carbon and this gas hydrogen. But while petrol has to every seven parts of carbon one part of hydrogen, even good bituminous coal (what we should call good tarry coal) has more than twice the amount of carbon to the same amount of hydrogen. The problem then was this: How to force hydrogen into the coal until so much got into the coal that it turned into motor spirit'. The method employed is a development of the process of Dr. Bergius. 'Enormous force has to be used. The coal is made into a paste. This is put into immensely strong cylinders. The hydrogen is let in at a pressure of some 2,000 lbs. to the square inch and at a heat of about 840° Fahrenheit. With such persuasion one is hardly surprised to hear that the two take to one another. Of course machinery of that sort must be very large and costly. And we can count ourselves lucky in England that we have a private industry which is both big enough and enterprising enough to attempt this great and necessary experiment'. Mr. Heard went on to warn listeners that they must not run away with the idea that this petrol-out-of-coal process was going to solve mining unemployment. 'If it works up to expectation it could call for the work of some fifteen hundred miners full time, and it could yield us thirty million gallons, while last year we used a thousand million gallons of petrol. And no people who have natural oil are ever going to try and get it out of coal. As long as oil lasts (though that may not be for ever) till then making petrol out of coal is simply a job for a country like ours which has coal and hasn't oil. We must then look on this hydrogenation process as an experiment which we are interested in because of the state in which our coal mines and our miners now are'.

Better presentation has been the dominant idea in the minds of those responsible for forming the programme of General Talks that begins next September. A feeling that the twenty-minutes' or half-hour's formal talk is not the best way of treating topical subjects, that a talk gains immensely in liveliness and actuality by continual variation in method, that half-a-minute of concrete illustration is better than ten of description—this has been responsible for a good many new departures in various well-established series. Thus Mr. Archibald Haddon in the Theatre talks (Wednesdays) will, wherever possible, bring to the microphone those actors and actresses whom he is at that moment discussing—borrowing something here from Mr. Agate, who proved the success of this method so well in his recent 'Stars in their Courses' series. Mr. Bartlett will do the same with his talks on foreign affairs (Thursdays), persuading, say, some distinguished foreigner visiting this country, or some expert on the topic of the moment, to come and give his views direct to the listener. In 'For Farmers Only' too, Mr. John Morgan will not so much play the part of talker as of commentator and questioner—now giving useful information on prices, marketing, machinery, state of crops, etc., now interrogating an agricultural expert on the practical application of his theories by the ordinary farmer. This same tendency towards lively presentation will be reflected in the Saturday night news reels which will be planned on the lines of the very successful one broadcast on July 1, incorporating a topical talk, perhaps, or a blatherphone record of some event happening earlier in the day—anything, in fact, which will make the news fresh, lively, and not just a re-hash of the evening paper. And there will be more talks, too, by the B.B.C. Productions Director and others, on the lines of that given last week by the Empire and Foreign Services Director—the talk interpolated and illustrated with actual examples of the kind of thing being talked about.

The late evening talks promise to provoke interest, enthusiasm and disagreement. On Mondays will be political talks—absolutely free and uncensored. The speakers will presumably deal with points raised by their opponents in previous weeks, but they will be given a free choice of subjects and allowed to say exactly what they wish. Among the members of the different political parties who have agreed to speak are the Prime

Minister, Mr. Lansbury, Mr. Baldwin, Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Arthur Greenwood and Sir Herbert Samuel. On Wednesdays and Fridays Mr. Howard Marshall and Mr. S. P. B. Mais are to undertake two series of the kind in which they have proved themselves so successful. 'Vanishing England' is the title of Mr. Marshall—arranged in consultation with the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, the National Trust, and the National Housing and Town-Planning Council. It will deal with such things as desecration of beauty spots, litter, ribbon development, bungalow growths and so on; we fervently hope that Mr. Marshall will manage to bring home to individual listeners the horrors of the countryside as well as he lately brought home to them the horrors of the slums.

Mr. Mais' venture is, we believe, the first of its kind in broadcasting. He is 'The New Columbus', and is being sent about ten thousand miles by the B.B.C., to rediscover America for the ordinary British listener. He will not go out to discuss policies with politicians, business with economists and financiers, but to make contact with the ordinary American, find out what he likes, what he thinks, how he lives, and straightaway transmit his impressions over the Atlantic. His travellers' tales will be broadcast from different points in his itinerary—which roughly follows the clock round from Jamestown, Va., to New York. First Virginia and its old civilisation and records of early settlers; then Florida and negroes; New Mexico and cowboys; Arizona and desert; Colorado and Grand Canyon; Los Angeles and Hollywood—city of puritans and city of stars; San Francisco, his farthest West; Portland and Seattle—associations with the old sailing ships, connections with Canada; Yellowstone Park; Kansas City, typical of the Middle West; Dakota and Minnesota, the snowy North of the States; Milwaukee and its German immigrant population; Chicago and the World Fair; Pittsburgh, Detroit and industrialism; New England and its individual and independent culture; New York with, perhaps, a final talk from the top of the Empire State Building. If any broadcaster can continually keep his mind open to fresh impacts and fresh enthusiasms that man is Mr. Mais; and this tour should be an enterprise after his own heart.

Of all the contrivances by which the modern manufacturer seeks to sell his goods, probably the most popular—and the one which has roused most agitation—is the coupon method. The idea of exchanging a stated number of coupons for a 'free gift' appeals to the 'get-something-for-nothing' instinct that lurks in the most honest mind; and the Committee set up by the Board of Trade to enquire into the matter regarded the fostering of this spirit as one of the chief evils of the coupon business. Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher, who served on this Committee, recently summarised in a broadcast talk the reasons why it had advised against legislative interference with coupon trading. It is, at any rate, a safer method for people who cannot afford to pay large sums down, than the hire-purchase system, and usually the 'free gifts' chosen are boots, clothes and other necessities for which the housewife would otherwise find it difficult to save. The effect on the ordinary retailer naturally came under discussion, and it was found that the proportion of gift trading to the whole amount of retail trading was only a fraction of 1 per cent., and was 'probably much less upsetting to the ordinary retailer than some of his other troubles, such as the competition of mail order business, or of the cheap multiple stores'. The manufacturer finds the free gift business profitable, since his employees can manufacture the gifts during what would otherwise be their slack period: the smaller firm finds it useful as a form of advertising which is not paid for until goods are actually sold. And, though, as Mrs. Fisher pointed out, 'people get their pullovers or silk stockings or saucepans, or whatever the gifts may be, not from vendors who know about these articles, but from people who know about cigarettes, or soap, or tea', yet the consumer, who is no fool, does get good value for his money—otherwise the 'gifts' would not serve their purpose. 'If the method is carried to excess', concluded Mrs. Fisher, 'it must kill itself: while where it is used reasonably, as it has been for years, it seems to benefit both customer and manufacturer, with little, if any, real loss to the retailer'.

Dictators and Democracy

By VERNON BARTLETT

THE democratic ideal for which people have struggled generation after generation, and which has its martyrs far back into history, no longer inspires our sons as it did our fathers. Almost every obstacle which people a century ago believed stood between them and freedom has gone. Every adult in our own country now has the right to vote, and yet it becomes increasingly difficult, except on panic issues, to persuade him to go a few hundred yards out of his normal way to his work in order to record his vote. He does not feel that the power to vote gives him the power to govern; if he did, he would be more anxious to make use of it.

Meanwhile, a desire for some form of government which imposes its will instead of waiting for public opinion to tell it what to do is growing in almost every country. Surely for that very reason it is wiser to examine dictatorships impartially than to dismiss them as revolting and reactionary tyrannies? If, in trying to do this in my small way, I have seemed too much to defend Fascism or Hitlerism, it is not because I like them—for I don't—but it is because I firmly believe that many people in our own country only hear about the more unpleasant features of a dictatorship, and draw incorrect conclusions accordingly. There are, for example, far too many people in Great Britain whose opinions of Italy are based upon articles written by Socialist ex-deputies who have not been able to revisit their native country for ten years or more. And there are far too many whose opinions of Germany are based almost entirely upon accounts of political exiles from that country. I do not in the least want to underestimate the appalling sufferings these victims have undergone and are still undergoing. Indeed, I have believed all along that official international action should have been taken to help them, perhaps by the summoning of the League of Nations Council at which governments would have explained quite frankly to the German government that although they agreed in principle to German equality of armaments, they looked upon this victimisation of a whole class as a definite threat to the good relations upon which peace depends, and that they could not discuss any concessions to the German government while its aggressive attitude lasted. But if, as I believe, we pay too little attention to the reasons why dictatorships appeal to the younger generation, we are quite clearly in some danger of believing that we alone remain sane in a world that is going mad. That may be so, but it is a dangerous assumption to make because it lessens our efforts to understand other countries, and everybody of every political colour seems to be of the opinion that our gravest problems are international and can only be solved by international agreement.

Hitlerism would be much easier to deal with if it were a tyranny depending upon force alone. But in many countries the passionate desire for democracy and individual liberty has been replaced by an equally passionate desire for the subjection of individual interests to those of the state. This is especially the case among the younger people, because youth always wants to devote itself to some cause, and under a dictatorship its service is not limited to time of war. On every train in Italy there are a couple of young Fascists who walk up and down to see nobody steals the luggage—a dull enough job; I should have thought, but one that is carried out with enthusiasm. If democracy is to flourish it must somehow do more to appeal to the imagination of the young.

I am sure that the development of science is at the back of it all. Thanks to private initiative, better and better machines have been invented to produce more and cheaper goods, but each man thus put out of work has meant one person the fewer who can buy the goods the manufacturer wants to sell. As Mr. John Strachey puts it in *The Menace of Fascism*—a book which contains a lot I don't agree with, but which I would nevertheless recommend—'It is now not merely technically possible, by using our modern machines, to give everyone enough to eat, to wear and to shelter in, but it is technically necessary to do so, unless the new machines are to cause unemployment, chaos and war, instead of peace and plenty'.

That technical development is something so new in the history of mankind that we are still bewildered by it. It leads to two conflicting tendencies in international politics. On the one hand, we have the argument that industry cannot flourish unless it has the whole world as its market, and on the other we have the development of economic nationalism, which means that each country wants to export as much and to import as little as possible. The first tendency has led to the League of Nations; the second to tariffs, quotas, import restrictions, Hitlerism and President Roosevelt's insistence that the United States must set her own house in order before she can worry overmuch about the rest of the world. To my mind it is very important to remember that these tendencies, although in conflict, spring from the same cause.

Another result of our power to produce on so large a scale is the confused feeling that competition must give way to co-operation. President Roosevelt, through his National Industrial Recovery Act, is trying to get rid of class warfare by persuading industries to fix a high minimum wage and a short working day. Herr Hitler, following Signor Mussolini, Mustafa Kemal Pasha and others, but acting much more ruthlessly than they did, has wiped out all political parties and hopes to wipe out all social divisions. The corporative state about which the Fascist countries talk so much is still so vaguely planned that one can hardly discuss it, but its fundamental idea is that all classes of people employed in any one industry should no longer be divided into competing groups of employers and workers. In Russia the same idea has been carried so much farther that the state has become the only employer of labour. The new London Passenger Transport Board puts an end to competition which, if left uncontrolled, might have so crowded the roads with rival buses that none of them could move.

Here we come to the main cause and the main strength of the dictatorial system, be it Fascist or Communist. Many people fear that democratic governments, depending as they must upon public opinion, will allow the individual to stand in the way of the world making the most of its wealth. The American war veterans' ramp, which led Congress last year to vote pensions to more than twelve times as many ex-soldiers as were actually disabled, is perhaps the most glaring example of the way in which vested interests can misuse the democratic system even in a highly civilised state. Only the fear that President Roosevelt, turned dictator, would make them more unpopular by imposing fresh taxes, gave Members of Congress the courage to put an end to a crying scandal.

Many people believe that Socialism and Fascism are fundamentally opposed. I would divide people into two very different groups: On the one side there are those who argue that everything will come right in the end and that the government ought not to interfere with business except when business asks it to do so by putting on a new tariff for its protection. On the other side there are the Fascists who think the state is everything and the individual nothing; there are the Socialists who demand a much greater degree of state control, and there are the Communists who want so much state interference that private property disappears altogether. Personally I believe that this problem of giving the consumer the power to buy all that the producer wants to sell him is so urgent that a policy of drift is the most dangerous of all. Democracy will only fail if it tries to stand still, and a courageous policy could quite well adapt it to changed circumstances without any of the violence which must go with dictatorship.

Both Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler came into power with the help of the big industrialists who saw in them a chance to break the trade unions. But it is my own firm belief that as time goes on these movements become more and more representative of the working classes. In many cases the Italian government has intervened to supervise the estate of a bad landlord or to keep a factory open when it would be better for the owner's purse to shut it. In the case of Germany it is much more difficult to express an opinion, because the struggle between the industrialists and the Left Wing is only just beginning, and it is going to be long and bitter.

I suggested in the very first talk of this series that democracy can never work well unless people take their share in it fairly seriously. The difficulty seems to be to increase that share so as to increase the individual's feeling of responsibility. That sense of responsibility is strong in the dictator countries, but it is based upon intolerance and hatred. I refuse to believe that we cannot achieve progress under the inspiration of some more generous doctrine.

Let me sum up the few ideas I have put before you. These dictatorships are the result of economic factors which must modify democracy, but which certainly need not destroy it. Even if dictatorships begin as an attempt on the part of some people to turn the clock back, I believe they are bound to become progressive because they have behind them a very large section of the people who, having nothing to lose, are more ready to try new experiments than to repeat the ones that have robbed them of their position and their security. Unless we study these dictatorships with understanding in order to realise what were the weaknesses in the democratic system that led to them, we may encourage a dictatorship in our own country. The acute nationalism they foster may make war more probable, but that should persuade the rest of us rather to develop the machinery for making war impossible than to preach hatred because many countries have adopted forms of government that are revolting to us. And lastly, don't let us get depressed, since the whole trouble does come from the fact that the world has suddenly become wealthy and does not yet know how to make use of its wealth.

Excavators' Progress—V

Greek Lands

By STANLEY CASSON

This article deals with Area IV in the map published on page 4 of our issue of July 5

ARCHAEOLOGICAL investigation in Greece may be said to have begun as early as 1835, immediately after the War of Independence. Greece is therefore in the fortunate position of being the first country to have undertaken organised archaeological research on a proper basis, controlled by the State and aided by most competent archaeologists. Research today in Greece is better organised than in any country in the world, thanks largely to the broad-minded enterprise of the Government, which has for over two generations encouraged foreign scholars to excavate and has helped their excavations with advice and practical assistance. Greek archaeology is thus far in advance of the archaeology of other lands, and

Cretan gold cup, probably purchased or looted from some Cretan town, decorated with a delicate *repoussé* design of octopuses and sea-plants. Another gold cup bearing a formal design of bulls' heads inlaid on a silvered covering in *niello* testified to the goldsmith's art of the mainland. Necklaces, gems, gold mounted swords, copper vessels in large numbers and ivory caskets, were found in abundance. A third cup of gold overlaid on the outside with silver suggests that silver was the more precious of the two metals at this time. In addition to this tomb was found a humbler tomb which was a cenotaph to two people who had, perhaps, perished on some foreign expedition of war similar to the raids described in the Hittite tablets or the Egyptian monuments. In this cenotaph were vessels of stone used in the blood-sacrifice of animals and two stone slabs which are thought to have represented the dead men, rather in the tradition of western European megalithic monuments. Altogether our knowledge of Mycenaean religion has been enormously increased by these finds and our already full knowledge of Mycenaean and Cretan art made fuller still. This tomb is the richest opened since the discovery by Schliemann of the great shaft-graves at Mycenae.

In Crete itself the French excavations at Mallia, on the north-east coast, have added another palace to those already known in Crete. But this palace is of an early period and not rebuilt at a later date, so that we now know more fully what a Cretan palace was in origin. Apparently it had similarities in design and character with the palaces of Sumeria and also with later Hittite palaces, showing thus that Crete was indebted to the East more than had been thought. In the ruins of this palace at Mallia was found a ceremonial sword mounted in gold and crystal and a ceremonial axe of stone carved in the likeness of a panther. These were probably part of the palace regalia.

The earlier periods of historic Greece are now in process of a closer investigation. Numerous excavations at small sites are yielding further knowledge of that obscure period from the eleventh to the eighth century, when the Greek people of history were emerging from that dim world of ruin and wandering which succeeded the Mycenaean age and heralded the new Age of Iron. Contacts with Egypt almost from the beginning of the Greek period proper indicate the region from which Greeks derived one at least of those oriental stimuli which ended in the fine flower of Greek art as a whole.

For the sixth century a series of important discoveries has been made at a site known as Peracora, on a headland near



Cretan gold cup from Midea

the results of the last twenty years' work must not be expected to have revolutionised our knowledge, which was already so full. But the War did in fact give an impetus to research in certain regions which had previously been closed for political reasons. Immediately after the War the large area of Macedonia and Eastern Thrace, previously Turkish lands, acquired by Greece in 1913, but then from 1915 to 1918 transformed into a wilderness once more by the War, were made accessible to excavation for the first time. But even if the work in Greece before the War had covered most periods of Greek history, the innumerable problems of Greek history and prehistory were far from being solved. Renewed excavations at Mycenae after the War and at sites in the Peloponnese revealed the existence of a unified culture of the Greek mainland which had not previously been taken fully into consideration by the workers in the prehistoric field. Crete, the centre of prehistoric civilisation in the Aegean, so fully excavated before the War and so clearly revealed by the finds at Knossos, Phaistos, Gournia, Palaeokastro and other kindred sites, was seen to be based on a native culture wholly different from that of the mainland of Greece. Cretans entered Greece either as colonists, traders or conquerors, and placed upon the native non-Cretan inhabitants the indelible stamp of Cretan civilisation. But the native culture was not entirely ousted, and played its part in the blend which later developed into the 'Mycenaean'. This conclusion was one based on the results of several patient and scientific excavations in the eastern Peloponnese. The excavations at Mycenae in 1920-22 helped to amplify the knowledge of that site so magnificently accumulated by Schliemann forty years previously.

The discovery referred to in the last article of the wide knowledge of Homeric Greeks among the Hittites of Asia Minor has not as yet been further illustrated on the mainland of Greece by the discovery of any large number of Hittite objects. This contact has yet to be further illuminated. But our general knowledge of the Mycenaean world has been greatly increased by the discovery by Swedish scholars at the site of the ancient citadel of Midea, a few miles from Mycenae, of an unrobbed domed tomb of a Mycenaean princely family of the fourteenth century B.C. Here, for the first time, was found the complete funeral paraphernalia of a king, queen and princess, with every object in the tomb left as it was when the final ceremony was concluded and the tomb finally closed. It was possible to reconstruct the whole ceremony with its ritual. Chief among the finds was a superb



Gold mask from grave at Trebenishte in Yugoslavia—Greek work of the late sixth century B.C.



Bronze tripod found in grave at Trebenishte

Corinth, now under excavation by British archaeologists. Here the art of Corinth is now fully documented. For the close of the sixth century a further illumination of Greek art, and especially of Corinthian art, has been surprisingly made in the far north just across the present Greek border, in the marches of Yugoslavia. Just before the end of the War in 1918 when this territory was in Bulgarian hands, there were found seven unrobbed graves of warriors at the village of Gorentchi, on the shore of Lake Ochrida, and situated on the line of the ancient route from the Ægean to the Adriatic which was later known to Romans as the Via Egnatia. Here in the heart of the wild Balkan mountains, in a region which was never Greek, but always autonomous in Greek times, ruled by semi-civilised chieftains who fought either with or against Greek forces, there seems to have been an outpost of Hellenism which was the farthest north to which Greek art and culture had penetrated in the interior of Europe. The Bulgarian excavations were supplemented in 1930 by further Yugoslav excavations which resulted in the discovery of further graves and of a city site on an adjoining hill. Again last year four new tombs were found. The previous tombs were all of warriors and contained astonishing wealth of bronze vessels of Corinthian fabric,

some being the finest extant examples of Greek art of this kind. On the bodies of the dead were, strangely enough, gold masks, also of Greek workmanship, and in two cases gold gloves on the hands. Silver cups and plain bronze jugs and basins were also found. Spears and swords of iron illustrated the equipment of the warriors. Four new graves found last year are the graves of women of the same date as those of the warriors. Another gold mask was found and numbers of gold and silver pins, trinkets and ornaments. The explanation of this rich centre of Hellenic art, nearly a hundred miles distant from any Greek colony, and two hundred from the main cities of Central Greece, must be left to the historians. But that barbarian chieftains could so completely have absorbed the culture of Greece in the sixth century at so remote a place is testimony to the penetrative qualities of Greek art and life. No inscriptions were found in the



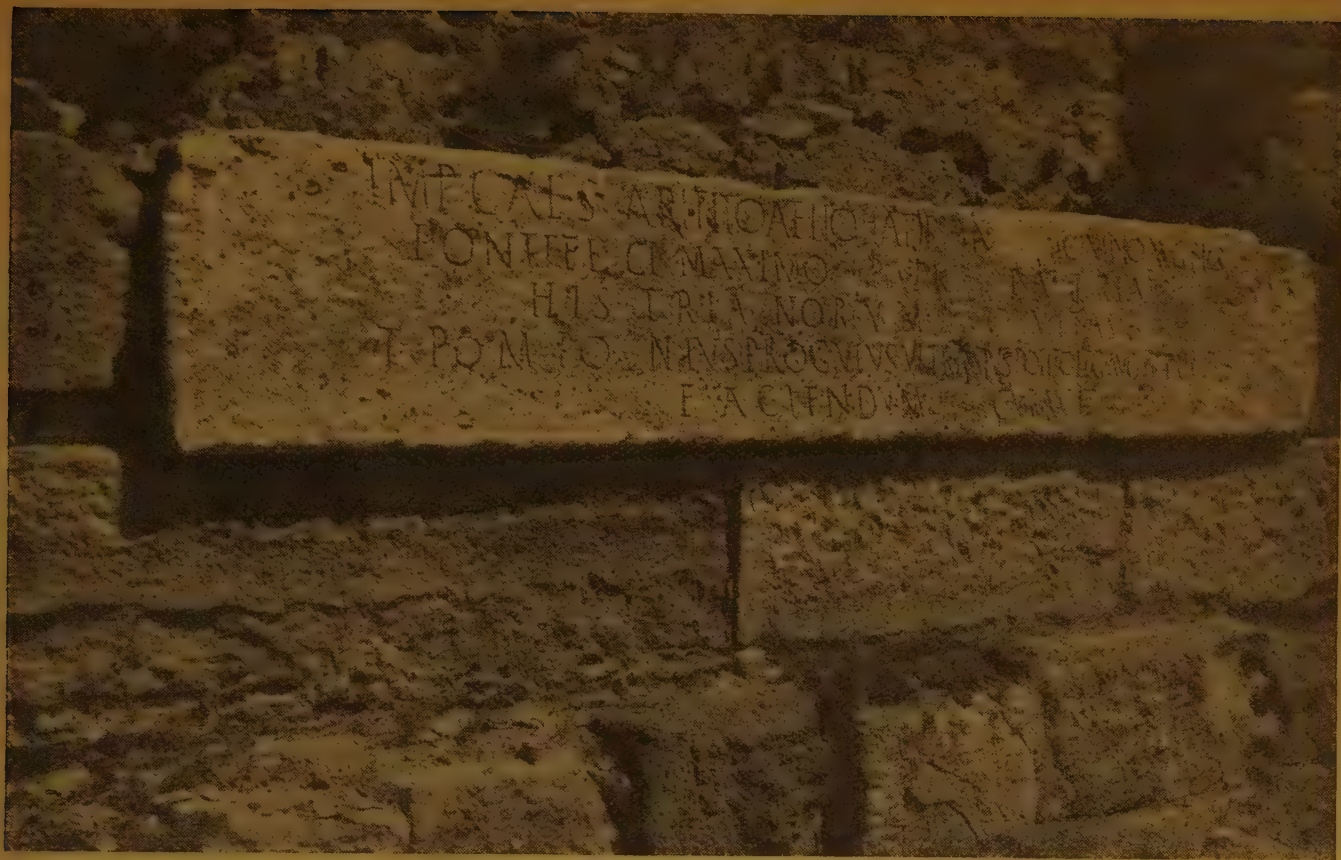
Bronze vessel of Corinthian fabric discovered in 1918 at Trebenishte

cemetery and few objects which might illustrate the barbarian life of the inhabitants. The limits of Hellenism must be pushed farther north than has been the custom hitherto. None of the objects found come as a surprise, and none is of an unknown type to add to our repertoire of Greek art except the strange gold masks over the faces. These are new and hard to explain found in this wholly Hellenic setting. The only parallel is from a distant age and place, Mycenæ. Greeks were not buried with masks over their faces in historic times. Here is a problem that awaits solution. The excavation of the city to which this cemetery belongs may go far to clear up the points in dispute.

It is from the wilder regions that we must hope for more discoveries of the kind, for barbarian chieftains imported Greek works of art not only in Western Macedonia but also in Thrace. The trappings of history that have robbed the well-known sites of Southern Greece of so much of their wealth (like the Roman destruction of Corinth, the age-long looting of Athens, Olympia and Delphi) force us to search the remote highlands of the Balkans for the forgotten tombs of distant folk who, in the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries, were avid to purchase the art of Greece for their enjoyment. Bulgaria is now a rich ground for such finds. Tombs of Thracian chieftains have been found in the past, always richly filled with objects of art made at Athens in the fifth or fourth centuries B.C. Thrace looked to Athens for its culture, while Western Macedonia looked to Corinth. An account of some of the lovely silver vessels made in Athens and found in a grave near Philippopolis appeared in *THE LISTENER* of September 2, 1931. A drinking horn and a silver cup found the previous year, exquisitely chased with a design of a horseman, was then published. Now further excavation in 1932 has produced another tomb in which the principal objects of art are a superb silver cup bearing chased designs round its sides



Three-sided relief found at Athens. It is here shown when it was just uncovered, built into a wall: only one sculptured face is visible



Histria: inscription of time of Hadrian in city wall

of a maenad and satyr on one side, and Dionysos and a satyr on the other. It is mid-fifth century in date and has no rival, or even parallel, in the museums of the world. Here is a treasure indeed, made by one of the finest artists of one of the finest periods of Greek art. Such are the rewards that wait for the excavator in remote places where the survival of antiquities is more likely than in the more troubled regions of the south. That Thrace has been a wilderness for so many centuries is perhaps the reason why so much has been preserved there.

But even Athens itself is not yet exhausted. The recent excavations undertaken at great expense by Americans beneath the Acropolis have been fruitful of results. A fine bronze head of the fifth century, a fourth century statue of some merit, and inscriptions of the highest literary interest are the reward of the first two seasons. Chance finds in Athens also occur almost annually during the course of building at Athens. In 1922 a three-sided relief of the late sixth century added a great masterpiece to the collections of sculpture. And on the Greek coasts the sea has rendered up two bronze statues of superlative quality. The now famous Zeus of Artemisium can rank as the finest example of early fifth century Greek art in existence. The other bronze, a graceful standing boy, tells us much of the art of the fourth century.

Of the many hundred colonies of Greek cities only a very small number have been excavated. In Sicily the site of Himera has now been productive of some fine architectural sculpture, that of Selinus of good terra-cottas. But Selinus was largely excavated many years ago. In Spain there is some investigation of Greek colonies on the east coast, but much remains to be done. The establishment of Rumania as a large Central European state has led to the development there of archaeological research on sound lines. The excavations carried out during and after the War at the site of the ancient Histria (or Istros), near the Danube mouth on the Black Sea, has

revealed a delightful little Greek city perched on a desolate coast, far from any neighbours. Sacked and ruined many a time by envious Scyths and Thracians, it yet survived long enough to be granted its freedom in the Roman Empire under Hadrian. Nearly two hundred inscriptions enable us to reconstruct its history. A few humble works of art show that it lived up to its Hellenic traditions. Its walls stand today many courses high, with gates and towers, as when this diminutive outpost of civilisation withstood the rigours, human and climatic, of the rolling steppes that lie for many leagues behind it and round it. Further down this bleak coast the Greek cities of Tomi (now

Constanza) and Dionysopolis, have also been partly excavated. We now know some little more of Greek life on the very confines of the habitable world. Rumanian archaeologists are to be congratulated on their enterprise.

Another outlying city, Olynthus, in Macedonia, has yielded up interesting information. Here have been found the full plans of late Greek houses and on their floors the earliest known mosaic designs. The future of Greek excavations will lie mainly in the colonial

settlements. Yet, surprisingly enough, there is still scope for much work on Old Greece. The islands have still many unexcavated sites, and at Samos German excavators have recently added some fine works of art in sculpture to those already known from that island. Indeed, there seems no limit to the fine works of art still to be found in Greece.

Among the latest new editions is a revised and enlarged issue of H. M. Cundall's well-illustrated *History of British Water Colour Painting* (Batsford, 12s. 6d.)—the additions being a chapter on the work and influence of Blake, descriptions of the New English Art Club and the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours, over 230 extra names to the biographical list of water-colour painters, and a foreword by Sir Herbert Hughes-Stanton.



Gold drinking horn from grave at Trebenishte

Science Notes

Claustrophobia

A CURIOUS correspondence broke out recently in *The Times* on a medical subject which interests laymen: on claustrophobia, the fear of confined spaces—underground passages, tunnels, Tubes, caves, locked rooms. It was started by an incident in real life. A prisoner in Winson Green Gaol took his life on June 2. There was no direct evidence that he was suffering from claustrophobia (the prison-doctor did not think he was), but the suggestion was made that he might have suffered from it and that the terror of it impelled him to his doom. The case was mentioned in Parliament. A Harley Street physician, commenting on it, made the generous recommendation in his letter that any prisoner affected with even a slight degree of claustrophobia should get special treatment in jail. To be locked up must be agony amounting to frenzy to a claustrophobic. The doctor, however, although he made mention of Shakespeare, King Lear and Mr. Bottomley, omitted to say anything of the psychological theories of claustrophobia which resulted from the shell-shock days of the War; there was no mention of War-neuroses, or psycho-analysis or Dr. Freud. But he did say that he regarded the disease as no more than an exaggeration of a normal condition, in this case the instinct of self-preservation. A few days later came a counterblast from another doctor who considered the first doctor's views very old fashioned, 'fit only for the lumber room'. He stressed the 'psycho-analytical' theory. This invited retort. The first doctor proceeded to make his position clear. He had heard, of course, of psycho-analytical theories of claustrophobia, but denied utterly that they touched the real cause of the disease. He quoted and discussed a famous case of a 'cure' of claustrophobia which the late Dr. Rivers of Cambridge had published in *The Lancet* in 1917, mentioned that he had criticised Dr. Rivers' work at the time and that he still adhered to his opinion that claustrophobia did not originate in the kind of way Dr. Rivers suggested—in a great fright or other painful experience in early life, the memory of which had been suppressed, and which worked havoc in the unconscious part of the child's mind through life. 'Consider', he concluded, 'the countless number of children who have had some poignant experience similar to that encountered by Dr. Rivers' patient in his early boyhood who nevertheless go through life without experiencing the pangs of claustrophobia'. The correspondence was then closed by a characteristic letter from a psycho-therapist of the Freudian school. The loose references by the two medical correspondents to Dr. Rivers' 'psycho-analytical' theory of claustrophobia were summarily chastised. 'The late Dr. Rivers had no experience of psycho-analysis'. 'No psycho-analyst ever found any theory of claustrophobia on the very superficial conclusions Dr. Rivers reached from his study of the case in question'. The first correspondent's view that the condition is inborn and incurable is now untenable, and so on. Thus, a correspondence which began on prison reform ended with doctors of different schools disagreeing violently about a disease. The ordinary layman may wonder why. Part of the reason (though it was not mentioned in the letters) is that the term 'psycho-analysis', although it is bandied about everywhere, is properly restricted to the technique of Freud and those, so to speak, in full communion with Freud. Just as no one is properly a Roman Catholic who does not acknowledge the Holy See so, in a very different sphere, no one is a psycho-analyst unless he is a Freudian. There are other excellent forms of psycho-therapy and of psychological analysis but they are not properly psycho-analysis. This explains the 'hands-off' attitude of one of the letters. The other part of the reason is that Dr. Rivers at the time criticised the Freudian theory severely and helped greatly to lead English psycho-therapists away from Continental ideas.

The case* of Dr. Rivers' patient—a doctor whom he encountered during the War—is an interesting one. For as long as he could remember the patient had had a dread of confined spaces. When he was six he slept next the wall in what is called in Scotland a 'concealed-bed' and would lie there in a state of terror wondering if he could get safely out if the need arose. In later life he could not understand how any human being could be induced to go down a coal-pit. He dreaded tunnels.

He could not be persuaded to travel in the Tube. In a theatre or other crowded building he was always troubled unless he was near the door. He had always an intense sympathy whenever he read of a prisoner being sentenced to solitary confinement and was terrified by stories about people being buried alive. These thoughts and fears, however, he kept to himself. Despite some nervous symptoms and a stammer he was able to qualify as a medical practitioner. At twenty-five he tried a cure by suggestion for stammering and his other nervous symptoms, but he was not cured. His doctor, however, was interested in the work of Freud and the Viennese school of psycho-therapy, and in accordance with the views then held, tried to convince him that his trouble must lie in some forgotten experience of childhood of a sexual nature. When he related his dreams to the analyst they were invariably interpreted by symbolism of a sexual character. Despite prolonged sittings with the analyst no cure was effected; even the simple fact that the patient had a special dread of closed spaces was not revealed. It didn't occur to the patient to tell the doctor about it and the doctor didn't find it out for himself. Six years later in the War the patient was astonished to find soldiers living and working in comfort in dug-outs. Then for the first time, medical man though he was, he realised that his fear of closed spaces was not the common lot of humanity. The treatments he had undergone before were either intrinsically powerless to help him or they had been badly administered, for they had not revealed the most elementary fact about his condition. He became Dr. Rivers' patient. After a time he was able in the semi-waking condition that follows sleep to recall more and more of the unpleasant incidents of boyhood, and finally one day brought to the threshold of memory a painful incident which till then had been entirely forgotten. When he was a boy of four he had visited an old rag-and-bone man who gave ha'pennies to children who brought him rubbish of value. On leaving the shop he had had to pass along a dark passage, at the end of which was a door he could not open. There was a dog in this passage and it began to growl. The child was terrified out of his wits. It was this incident so suppressed, as such incidents are, as to be afterwards forgotten, which was the root, or apparently the root, of his claustrophobia. Later on he succeeded in remembering the name of the old-clothes-man. Fortunately, the patient's parents were alive. They remembered the man of that name and occupation and the shop, but had no idea that their child knew anything about him or that he had ever visited his shop.

That the incident at the age of four had occurred twenty-seven years earlier and was not imagined is hardly subject to doubt. Soon after the patient had lived through the scene again his claustrophobic symptoms disappeared. A few days afterwards he sat in the midst of a crowded picture house with no discomfort and subsequently travelled by the Tube and went down coal-mines like an ordinary person. The terrifying dreams of being unable to escape from an enclosed space, to which he had been subject, also left him, and for the three years afterwards, during which Dr. Rivers was in touch with his patient, there was no recurrence of the latter's earlier condition. So far as is known the cure was permanent.

This case made history. We are now accustomed to the marvellous cures of functional conditions by psychological means, but in 1917 some of them were novel. The fact that so painful a disease as claustrophobia had apparently been caused by an entirely forgotten episode in youth which, when revealed by Freud's method of 'free association' and lived over again in the patient's mind, disappeared, was regarded as little short of miraculous. In consequence it did not escape criticism. The case seemed to some to have much too simple a cause and much too simple a cure. The emphasis which Dr. Rivers put on the fright as the root of the mischief was considered unnecessary by the psycho-analysts, who still think his analysis 'superficial'. There is, however, an increasing body of people who are careless of whether such methods are 'superficial' or 'orthodox' so long as they work. Many former sufferers from claustrophobia know they do.

A. S. RUSSELL

**The Lancet*, August 18, 1917; *Instinct and the Unconscious*. Cambridge University Press, 1920

The Evening Garden

By JASON HILL

IT is the hard lot of many gardeners to leave their home early and to return to it late, so that they see their garden as much by twilight as by daylight: and, even for the most favoured, there is a leisured hour in summer when the garden is seen after dinner from loggia, verandah or open window; but, though we appreciate the night view, we seldom provide for it at planting time. Yet twilight has certain good effects peculiar to itself, which are worth noting and, I think, worth developing a little in the garden.

One effect of sunset is an alteration in the colour of flowers. Red is the first colour to fade out as the landscape becomes

monochrome, so that we shall not expect Paul Crampel pelargoniums or *Salvia splendens* to illuminate the dusk, for their scarlet fails more completely than we generally realise; we look at them and know that they are red, but, at a certain point of dimness, they no longer stand out against their green surroundings, and we see them as the colour-blind person sees them during the day—in a neutral, ashy tone. Finally the strong reds turn quite black, so that the magenta crimson flowers of *Agrostemma coronaria* ('Bloody William') appear as inky blots against the grey foliage. Red flowers belong to the sunlight, and those which can close do so early, as Tennyson noted with rather irritating preciseness in 'The Princess': 'Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white'.

Red in itself will therefore play no part in the evening garden, but the disappearance of it from the compound colours, lilac, mauve and violet, alters them in the direction of blue and changes the colours of certain flowers in a way that is sometimes rather beautiful. For example, the fairly deep-toned flag irises of the *pallida* group, such as *Corrida*, *Goldcrest* and *Aquamarine*, appear almost sky-blue in certain lights, especially if they are seen against a white wall or a grey-leaved shrub, and we seem to have at last that blue iris which the catalogues so often promise; but it is a Psyche of the dusk and vanishes by day. The lavender-coloured *Erigerons*, which stay open at night, change in the same way, ending, as the light fails, in chalk-white, when they are more conspicuous than they are by day. The loss of red improves some of the geraniums, changing the rather tawdry reddish violet of *Geranium ibericum* sometimes to a steely blue that matches the night sky. The pink of most of the Japanese Cherries and Crabs is improved, I think, by the night-change, for it is often rather harsh by day and gains by blanching into a cold white after sunset.

Perhaps the most valuable colour in the evening garden is sulphur yellow, which appears flat and weak in full sunlight, but in the dusk seems to glow with a soft luminosity, an effect that is so striking in large flowers, such as the Evening Primrose, that they have sometimes been credited with producing a faint light, as certain luminous bacteria do; but experiments fail to uphold this claim for any flowering plant, and the most positive evidence for it is still that of Linneus' daughter, who said one night that she saw sparks of light coming from the *Nasturtium* flowers; but she is the first and last person to observe this phenomenon, and I cannot help suspecting that she was

pulling her distinguished father's leg, an audacity for which she deserves, I think, her modest place in the history of botany.

The common evening primrose (we shall naturally employ the large-flowered variety of it, *Oenothera lamarckiana*) admirably displays the luminous quality of sulphur yellow, together with beauty of design and a very sweet scent; but another evening primrose, the prostrate *Oenothera eximia* (syn. *oe. marginata*) is, I think, the jewel of the evening garden, for its coarse, rough leaves give no hint by day of the frail and exquisite beauty of the great white goblets that float above them in the dusk and collapse into wisps of crumpled pink at sunrise. The rich cow-

slip and honeysuckle scent of the Evening Primroses is here enhanced by a trace of lemon, and the design of white stamens and green pistil is emphasised by the erect poise of the flower.

We are now among the night-flowering plants, whose habit the botanists call rather prettily 'vespertine' or 'crepuscular': of these the Tobacco Plant is indispensable for its unique balsamic scent, and the Night-flowering Stock, though so easy and lavish, is, I think, rather less desirable for being rather sickly sweet and overpowering, while the most typical night flower, *Hesperis tristis*, is allowed to seed itself in the garden here only because it justifies so completely its Elizabethan name of 'the Melancholy Gentleman', for it stands lank and dejected during the day and after sunset opens a few liverish-coloured flowers, which distil a faint perfume of stocks and cinnamon—as it might be the elucubrations of a decadent and not very successful poet.

The qualities which make the Evening Primrose so admirable in the night garden are shared to some extent by all pale flowers with a bold design, such as *Magnolia*, *Laburnum* (especially by the long racemes of the late-flowering *Laburnum alpinum*), *Wistaria* (notably in the white form of *Wistaria multijuga*, which flowers some weeks later than the usual type and often escapes some rough weather), *Davidia involucreata*, *Mulleins* and white *Foxgloves*, all of which will repay careful placing with regard to their visibility at night. And in considering the night-view of the garden we may remind ourselves that the part of it which is seen, wet or fine, most often after sunset, is the approach to the front door. It is here that a good night-piece is worth planning with the foregoing plants or others of similar merit. I have in mind a tall specimen of

the fastigate cherry *Ama-no-gawa*, which by day is gay in rather frivolous pale pink, but is much more impressive at night, when it turns into a shimmering white column that seems to glow with a cold phosphorescence: and then there is the curious effect of moonlight, produced in shade by the primrose-coloured leaves of the variegated form of *Polygonum sieboldii*.

One effect of the dusk is to fade out the smaller details and give more prominence to the underlying design, so that the landscape at night seems to become more primitive, man's handiwork on it becomes less obvious and we can see in it a suggestion of what it was many years ago. This effect is perceptible even in the garden, for a house that is surrounded with a new, gaily furnished garden may seem at night to stand naked in a flimsy



Evening Primrose

Drawing by John Nash

scrub, since there is no solid design to stand out in the failing light. The restful and satisfying effect of evergreen shrubs and small trees is becoming more appreciated in the garden by day, and their value is only rather more apparent at night, when a mound of *Laurustinus* appears like a dark, foam-flecked rock and the strong design of Holly, Yew, Holm-oak and Conifer is asserted against the vague light and restricted horizon.

The first quality that we look for in the garden at night is probably fragrance, but this has been left for consideration till the end, because, with the exception of a few passionate sun-lovers such as Mignonette, Cherry-pie and Wallflower, the scents of the garden just after sunset are the same as those by day and need no special mention. But there are a few night-scented flowers, in addition to those already mentioned, which we may care to plant near the house. The wild Honeysuckle deserves, I think, a better place than we usually give it, not only for its

tropical sweetness, but also for its dashing baroque design, and the double Soap-wort, *Saponaria officinalis* (called 'Goodbye-to-summer', in the days when late-flowering plants were scarcer than they are now) seldom finds any place at all in the modern garden, though the double white form makes a cloud of moonlight in any rough corner and has a delicious scent, not unlike jasmine: *Humea elegans*, a tender biennial from Australia, pours out at night a powerful scent of incense, which is reproduced, though much more delicately, by another Australian, the tender annual *Martynia fragrans*. These, with Jasmine, the white stock-scented spires of the double Rocket and *Veronica cupressoides*, which tells us when the dew is on the grass by giving off a scent of cedarwood and orris-root, would be appropriate for a small garden designed for sitting out in on summer nights, or for the neighbourhood of the loggia. But even without them one need not often say, 'I'm afraid that it's too late to go round the garden'.

Clubs for the Unemployed—Another Look Round

By S. P. B. MAIS

DURING the last four months, I seem to have spent most of my time either starting clubs for the unemployed in places that had never heard of them, or explaining them to schools, public meetings, business houses, clubs, and conferences up and down the country, that had got only the haziest idea of what they stand for. There is still a great deal of misunderstanding about their function.

Our methods of giving help to the unemployed in the past have sometimes been rough and ready, amateurish, clumsy and often ill-advised. For instance, we now recognise that to offer an unemployed man who has been at rest for five, six or ten years a room to rest in was, to put it mildly, unwise. He has had enough rest to last him the rest of his life. Secondly, we now know that to supply him with the facilities to play draughts, dominoes or darts provides no solution to the problem that perplexes him, and is more calculated to drive him to an asylum than to help him. Thirdly, we now realise that even the best intentions sometimes pave the way to hell; that to distribute food and clothing without charge often leads to resentment and pauperisation. This is charity misapplied. It seems of paramount importance that these clothes should be sold, at however small a cost, whenever possible, and only given in very special circumstances.

The main immediate need of the unemployed man is the preservation or restoration of his pride and self-respect, and this can best be achieved by providing him with a club where he can employ his time, not in sitting about or in playing dominoes, or in accepting free bales of clothing, but in pursuing some craft that will both arouse his interest and be profitable. So the simplest possible way is for small groups of men to be set to work to make derelict buildings habitable or to build new ones, and in these settled down at a carpenter's bench or on the last, to mend their broken furniture and to repair the worn-out boots and shoes of their families.

The material is sold to them at its wholesale cost price, and they are given lessons, if they need them, from other club members who happen to be skilled joiners or boot repairers. But boot-repairing and a little amateur carpentering are only the stepping-stones. If you can do one job for yourself why not all? Why not make your own clothes, grow your own food, become completely self-sufficient and independent at last of money values? In Ipswich I saw men repapering their walls and re-whitewashing their ceilings, and that meant a good deal to families who were watching their homes crumble away under their eyes. The mistake that Ipswich made was in not charging the men for the wallpaper, however little. There are at least a couple of hundred crafts that a man might practise in the occupational clubs to beautify his home and to give him a sense of pride in creation. Wood and leather are not the only materials in which a man can mould the crude into the beautiful and useful. But one of the most surprising things to me about my visits up and down the country is the continued ignorance on the part of one town or club of the activities of every other town or club. There should be great numbers of men like myself doing nothing else but going from place to place telling everybody what everybody else is doing, and there ought to be regular newsheets issued from some headquarters posted up in every clubroom, announcing the latest developments of every other club. Nobody wants standardisation; but we do want co-ordination and a lead when we begin marking time. I have found clubs that have started with a bang on woodwork and boot-repairing, wholly incapable of thinking out any further developments.

I have been immensely struck by the action of those clubs that have begun the sale of commodities to members at a much reduced rate. The idea is this. Apparently nothing at the moment can be done to reduce the rent of an unemployed man living on, say, 23s. 3d. a week, from such a disproportionate amount as 12s. 6d. or 15s. a week. But the ordinary man living on Unemployment Benefit is left with between 1d. or 1½d. for

each member of his family for each meal. It follows at once that any possible reduction in the price he pays for food will automatically give him a chance of being sufficiently nourished and relieve the terrifying tension of his weekly budgeting.

Now there is nothing in the world to prevent any of us, if we have enough money, from buying our stores in bulk. It works much cheaper that way, and it is good for trade in so far as it means increased production. So certain clubs have now come to the stage of buying everything in bulk, and selling commodities to their members at a price that they can afford, coal at 1s. 1d. a cwt., the best milk at 2d. a quart, fish at 2d. a lb., and so on. The prices fluctuate from week to week, of course. The unemployed man who is a member of one of these clubs finds that his benefit of 23s. 3d. does the work of 30s. In other words he is getting an approximation to adequate maintenance. In return for this benefit in some clubs he devotes, say, four hours a week to the service of the club. In others he is under no obligation.

The main objection to the sale of commodities to club members is that it will hit the small retailer, but in nearly all instances that I have investigated the small shopkeeper is relying for his profits from the family in employment. From the unemployed man he is too often reaping only bad debts. After all, everybody who can buys in bulk. Why shouldn't the unemployed, whose necessity is greatest?

I found an experiment of a wholly different kind being tried out at Petersfield. Here I was shown a large field under potatoes grown by the unemployed. 'Well', said the secretary, 'we can't possibly use all these potatoes. We want boots. Do you know of any club making boots who would be willing to exchange?' As it happens, I don't, but in Halifax last week a mill-owner got up at the meeting and suggested that the out-of-work wool-sorters, combers, scourers, spinners and weavers should use the idle mills and produce suits of clothes in exchange for boots and potatoes. There are tentative schemes of this nature being worked out all over the country. The question of transport presents little or no difficulty as there are club members in tens of thousands, capable and ready to lend their services there.

In another scheme the men have decided not only to grow potatoes, but to get coal, repair boots, breed pigs, poultry and sheep, weave and make clothes and build houses. They will receive no pay, but an account will be kept of the hours they work, and the club member will be able to procure any goods from the club (to which of course, they belong) partly by paying cash and partly by drawing a cheque on the hours he has put in. Here there is no possible interference with the open market.

There remains among other things the evolution of new industries. Once enough men get together in these clubs and try their hand at making different things they are almost bound to hit on something capable of becoming a paying concern.

All up and down the country I find people of foresight experience and vision collecting together in conference and getting down to the details of the next stage of development. I myself particularly wish to see the establishment of a regular staff college where experts and beginners can come together and discuss individual difficulties, like that of keeping up and increasing interest where the first flush of enthusiasm has waned; deciding what are the next steps and how they should be taken and watching a model club organisation in being. In this college there would be a research department busy on new inventions, and methods of turning to useful purposes what the world now wastefully discards.

The more I see of them the more I am convinced that these clubs are a permanent necessity, a clearing house of ideas, a place for every sort of industrial and artistic experiment, where we can all learn how best to turn our leisure to advantage whether we are employed or not, how best to retain a stable sense of values in an unstable world. That being so, the more people know about them the better.

MEMOIRS OF THE UNEMPLOYED

THE long continuance of unemployment has led investigators in various European countries to enquire closely into its psychological and social effects upon the individual unemployed. Unemployment has been studied ad nauseam as a general economic problem, but the approach to it in realistic terms of human experience is only just beginning. If we are asked such questions as, 'When a man loses his job, how long does he continue looking hopefully for a new one?' or, 'Is the general effect of long-continued unemployment stimulating or deadening to the individual's interest in politics and public affairs generally?' our answer at present must be based upon surmise and casual scraps of evidence. In certain countries, however, these surmises are gradually being replaced by the evidence of definite answers supplied by the unemployed themselves. For example, in Poland the Institute of Social Economy at Warsaw has collected and published a large volume of 'memoirs of the unemployed', giving detailed accounts of the situation and experiences of unemployed workers of all types; whilst in Austria groups of expert psychologists have investigated similar subjects from the psychological angle, and have collected evidence which bears out in many respects the Polish enquiry.

It is time that something of this sort was undertaken in this country. To supply this gap THE LISTENER will publish, during the next few weeks, a number of specially selected short 'memoirs' contributed by individuals suffering from unemployment and representative of types affected by different geographical and economic circumstances, e.g., clerical and manual workers, youthful and elderly men and women, workers in heavy and light industries, workers in areas with a single staple trade and in areas where a variety of occupations are carried on. We have asked the writers to describe their struggles against misfortune from their last dismissal until today, mentioning the attempts they have made to find work, the assistance they have received, and the shifts to which they have been put to support themselves. We have asked them also to describe the effects which unemployment has had upon their social and intellectual life, whether it has stimulated their interest in public affairs and made them more or less sociable, how it has affected family relationships and so forth. Finally we have asked them to look to the future and say whether they expect to return to their original jobs or find new ones, or to enter on some new constructive phase of life, or merely to endure until better times. The answers we have received are not elegant descriptions, but plain homely accounts of suffering, of shortcomings, and of heroic endurance. We publish them with a tribute to the qualities of patience and courage which enable the unemployed thus to write of their own trials without bitterness and with sanity and understanding.

I—From a Thousand a Year to Nothing—An Unemployed Business Man

I AM AN UNEMPLOYED ADVERTISING AGENT, forty-seven years of age, married, with three grown children. Fortunately the latter are married and off my hands. For a number of years I owned my own business and earned £1,000 a year. I date my ill-fortune from a victory in the law courts against a former employer. This man has never forgiven me my triumph, and has injured me on every possible occasion. Directly through him I lost a number of my best clients and eventually had to sell my business for a mere song. I obtained various jobs in the advertising business, and eventually, five years ago, obtained a post on the staff of a London publishing firm. I was engaged at a salary of £300 a year, but my work so pleased my employers that on their own initiative they raised my salary to £400.

My evil genius again dogged my footsteps. The former employer to whom I have referred heard that I was employed by this firm. He hinted that unless I was dismissed he might be compelled to transfer the considerable amount of business he did with the firm to a rival. I was discharged two years ago after three years' service. The reason given was that the financial difficulties of the time called for drastic economies. This was obviously untrue, as my post was filled immediately by another man at twice my salary.

However, I felt confident that I would soon obtain another position. My interests had been writing and drawing, and I sought to commercialise these during the period that I was looking round for a position similar to the one I had lost. On the third day of my enforced free-lancing I sold an idea to an advertising agency for £5. I kept myself busy turning out sketches and writing copy, but with little or no success. I wrote articles for the daily papers on various subjects, only to have them returned. Sometimes an editor would enclose a personal letter instead of the usual rejection slip, praising my work and giving me hope for the future. I drew a series of humorous strips, but could not get them accepted. In despair I turned to novel writing. I managed to finish two average-length novels, one a romance and the other an historical novel defending conscientious objectors and ridiculing the hypocritical attitude adopted by many during the war period. Both were rejected.

Visits to the Pawnshop

Things were getting desperate: we were dropping behind with the rent, and the little money we had saved was almost gone. I took stock of my possessions and selected those of least sentimental value, and made my first visit to the pawnshop. Included in this first batch was a gold watch given to me by the former employer who had so ruthlessly pursued me. It was inscribed—'Presented to X as a mark of esteem and

appreciation of five years' loyal co-operation'. It seemed ironical that the man responsible for my poverty should be also providing the relief for it. This relief lasted only a few weeks. Whatever money I was able to raise had to go on food, and meanwhile the arrears of rent mounted. I sold my books and other oddments. Finally my wife had to sell what little jewellery she possessed. The worst wrench came when she had to pawn her wedding ring. From time to time I found odd jobs at sign painting, Christmas card producing and so on, but these only brought in a few shillings. I was ineligible for unemployment pay, and was forced to apply to the Public Assistance Committee. They refused to grant anything, and the sale of oddments began again. Someone suggested that I should apply to a charity organisation. I had hesitated a long time before doing this—my children had helped me a little and my wife's sisters as well. None of them, however, were in a position to levy themselves to any great extent. Eventually I was driven to apply to the recommended charity. I answered innumerable questions and finally a lady visitor was sent to inspect my flat. My application was rejected, the reason suggested being that I still had pictures on the wall which were saleable. The pictures in the main had been painted by myself, and although it was flattering to be told they possessed commercial value it was unfortunately untrue.

Again I was driven to selling odd pieces of furniture to provide food. During this period both my wife and myself lost a good deal of weight. We learned how to live on a few shillings a week. I had no income at all apart from the odd shillings I was able to earn, supplemented by the few shillings given to us by relatives. We had a horror of running into debt with tradesmen and never asked for credit.

The Bailiffs In

The landlord had seen some of my work and was more than decent about the rent. He had confidence that I should soon be at work again. On one occasion I designed the front cover for a prominent publication and received a few welcome guineas for this. This gave me renewed hope, but another blow befell us. The house in which we had a flat was sold, and the new landlord began to press for the rent. My difficulty was to get sufficient money for food, and to pay rent was out of the question. Eventually the bailiffs were put in. They were very decent and left the beds and bedding and a few kitchen things. In addition they gave me a little advice. My mood at this time was one of defiance. I intended to stay on at the flat until forcibly evicted—a process that would take at least six weeks. I wanted my wife to visit relatives a few days before the court order became operative and to leave me to discover

just what happens to a man in this country when he has no work and no money. I never believed that I was doomed to go under completely and tried to get at least some pleasure out of living dangerously. I wondered whether to beg or steal and decided I should be a failure at either. Then ideas of parading Fleet Street with a sandwich board crossed my mind. I read that in Russia men were 'driven to work'. I felt that if I could arouse the anger of some enemies of Russia they might pay my passage out there and let me have the opportunity of being 'driven'.

These ideas were never put into practice, for I heard of a vacancy for a poster artist in the South of England and went after the job. The few remaining oddments of furniture left by the bailiffs were sold, and my wife arranged to stay with relatives. Unfortunately, the job never materialised and I found myself back in London without home, furniture or money. At this point I almost gave up. A friend came to my assistance and gave me the use of his flat for a few days. I seemed to have touched the bottom. I looked at myself in the mirror and wrote myself down as a ghastly failure. When I saw street beggars I examined them and wondered if a few years would find me alongside them in the gutter and looking as they looked.

My children came again to our assistance and made us an allowance of £1 a week. We have now taken a furnished room at 10s. weekly, and manage to live on the remaining 10s. I wander into the libraries and read the advertisements, and select a few of the most likely ones to spend a few precious pennies on stamps. My change of address has rendered my headed notepaper useless, and the little evidences of poverty render the hopes of employment progressively remote. During this week of June 23 I have painted a sign for a tailor for which I hope to receive half-a-crown. The job was given to me by an acquaintance in a spirit of divine compassion.

I have only been out of work two years, but my outlook on life has changed enormously. During the last twenty years I have been an active worker in the Socialist movement. I spent

most of my spare time in serving on committees and trying to foster a spirit of citizenship among the growing generation. Now my interest in politics has completely vanished. I am embittered against all politicians of all parties. I am still a Socialist, but am not prepared to speak unless for money. Newspapers only interest me as a medium for my articles—and money. In spite of my contempt for pigmy statesmen appearing ridiculous in their endeavours to secure the attention of the limelight man, I am prepared to write anything for money. The last article I had accepted was on the World Economic Conference for a professional journal, for which I received a guinea. I daren't write what I thought of governments and politicians. I sold my soul—God forgive me—for money.

The one bright feature in this two years of poverty has been the unexpected friendliness of my fellow man. My wife and I are closer together now than during any time in our married life. We have found each other anew.

What Does the Future Hold?

What the future holds I dare not contemplate. I had a mental aberration the other day, or was it a vision of the truth? I wanted to smash things all around me. Fortunately no opportunity presented itself during my wanderings round the streets. The next morning my elder daughter called and gave her affection, and an ounce of tobacco. The same day in exchange for a poster I was given a pint of beer, and by such trifling means are our heroic desires so often frustrated, I thought, as I sipped the beer.

What will become of me I don't know. Sometimes I think I shall never get a job again. But then something happens, some little success, and hope springs anew. If and when the hope of the future dies within me and I am convinced that my work is not worth while I may have another and more enduring mental aberration.

II—Too Old at Forty—A South Wales Miner

I AM NOW FORTY-NINE, and my family numbers six all told—that is, my wife and four children (three boys and one girl) aged twenty, eighteen, thirteen and six. The two elder boys both work down the mine and I myself have worked in the pit since the age of twelve. I began at the Glamorgan Coal Company, and worked there for a period of seventeen years, at the end of which time the pit I worked in was flooded out. My next place was at the Cambrian Coal Company, but after twelve years' service I had to finish there because I was not prepared to sell my principles. It was then I had my first spell of unemployment, which lasted three months. Then, after another job with the Britannic Coal Company at Gilfach Goch—a most out-of-the-way place which could only be reached by the company's bus, to catch which I had to get up at 4.30 every morning—I again became unemployed on May 1, 1926, the day on which the great lock-out commenced which led to the General Strike.

Since that day I have never been able to get back to work again, although I tramped the mountains three times a week for some two years till I got properly fed up with meeting refusals. Every time it was 'We are full up'. My brother, who is in work, tried to find a job for me, and the boss sent me a message through him to come up in the morning; but the first question he asked me was how long I had been idle, and when I told him the truth his comment was that I had been out of work too long, and that he was sorry, but he had already started a man working where he had intended to start me. Actually, this was the very place where I had formerly worked for seventeen years. I was received with the same kind of story at the other pits: 'There are younger men than you out'. On one occasion the boss told me that I was too old, because I was over forty. When I asked him what was to become then of the men over forty, he just remarked that that was no concern of his! Naturally I tried casual work. I have picked up a knowledge of slating and general house repair work, but find myself handicapped when I want to do a job by having to borrow such apparatus as ladders; again, I find that people here have no money nowadays to pay for repairs. Therefore I have often volunteered to help people to do their repairs when I know that they cannot afford to pay a tradesman for the job.

In Debt to the Co-op.

When I first became unemployed in 1926, the only relief I received was ten shillings from the parish, because at that time we were 'on strike' and not unemployed. Nevertheless, we managed to keep going somehow, with the help of credit from

the local 'co-op'. But at the end of the lock-out in 1926 we were in debt to the co-op. to the extent of £20. I am glad we were members of the co-op., because by spending my few shillings there and allowing the dividend on purchases to accumulate I have been able gradually to clear the debt off. When the Lord Mayor's Fund came into operation we received three parcels of clothes for the children, which were a godsend to us; and the boys also were given boots from school. Our rent was 9s. a week, which we were not able to pay. And the house was owned by my mother-in-law, a widow, who in her turn was unable to pay the rates upon it. These are still owing, since we have as much as we can do to pay the current rent.

It was in June, 1927, that I first began to draw unemployment benefit at the rate of £1 9s. a week. At that time my eldest boy, who was then fifteen, had not started work as he could not find a job. He used to go off three times a day looking for work, until at last the manager of one colliery told him that he would give him a start because he was ashamed to keep turning him away. He is still working at the same colliery. It was a great relief to us when he started in this way, his wages being 15s. a week, which made our income up to £2 4s., and enabled us to buy him some clothes. After paying our rent we still had £1 15s. a week to live on. Then my second son came out of school and found he could not get work, but he went to the training centre and there eventually got work. His wage was 15s. too, so that we had £2 10s. after allowing for rent. I am very fortunate in having two boys who have turned out to be good boys. Both are interested in music. One was a flautist in the drum and fife band for some time, but we could not afford to give him the lessons in playing so that he could have a chance to go on with his music. The other boy joined the Salvation Army Band. For some time we were unable to buy him an instrument, but at last we succeeded in providing him with one cheap.

Dependent upon the Children

My unemployment benefit came to an end in March, 1932, when I was disallowed because I had not qualified for the necessary contributory period of thirty weeks. After this I was given a food ticket for 23s. a week, which continued until January of this year, when it was stopped because of the Means Test. Before the stoppage our income was over the minimum limit of £2 17s. 6d. So now we have to depend on the boys, and they have to keep all six of us, including my wife and the two children who are still going to school. People wonder why men commit crime, and lose their balance when their applications for a job have been

refused time after time; they think that the unemployed are having a good time because they are idle. Yet here am I, who have become a pauper through having to depend upon my children for a living. I have always stood for independence, but now I have been compelled to lose mine through no fault of my own, but simply because I am the victim of a vicious circle. I have not yet mentioned the question of coal for the house, which is one of the worst problems that face the unemployed. I used for some time to visit the outcrops, where I would lie down in the water in order to get out coal for our household, but I had to give this up because my chest became very bad.

What effect has unemployment had on me? It has definitely lessened my interest in politics, because it has led me to believe that politics is a game of bluff, and that these people do not care a brass farthing for the bottom dog; it is only power which they seek—and the amazing part of it all is that the great mob permits it. The same applies to the trade unions; when it comes to a real test they are hopeless. I do not think there is any finer organisation than the co-operative movement, provided it is thoroughly carried into practice, but most people think of their co-op. only in terms of dividend and because it prevents them from running into debt in normal times. I must admit that I myself don't take much

interest in the co-op., but leave it to my wife. Unemployment has made me very bitter against society, because everyone seems concerned with their own security. The great thing that has kept me from doing something desperate is that I read a lot and have attended educational classes for the past four years. I have studied literature, economics and biology, attending a biology class for three years. Last winter we visited Cardiff University three times for experimental purposes. That was a wonderful event, which helped me to forget my woes. Unemployment has not interfered with or changed my family life, since my wife has always had an optimistic outlook and has tried to tell me not to worry and that everything will come out right. Though she is a victim of bad rheumatism, she always displays a cheerful spirit. Even I am beginning to take an optimistic view of life. Things cannot last like this for ever. I know that I shall never get back to my own job as a coal getter, because of new methods of production and the increase of competition from other new fuels such as gas, oil and electricity. The only hope we have is that the consumption of coal in the home market will increase, but I do not see how a man at the age of forty-nine can hope to be permanently successful in a new job, even if he gets one. It would take him all his time to learn.

III—A Skilled Engineer's Tragedy

I AM AN ENGINEER by trade, forty-seven years of age, married and the father of one child. Until four years ago I worked for a large engineering firm in the North Midlands. I had worked for this firm for many years, but owing to loss of contracts the firm was compelled to close down and I found myself unemployed for the first time in my life. Up to this time I had lived the life of an ordinarily respectable artisan. I earned the standard rate of wages, round about £3 a week, and maintained a decent house at a rent of 15s. 3d. I had been happily married some twenty years and was devoted to my wife and child. My activities were divided between home, garden, and public affairs. I had held every office possible in my trade union branch. I took a keen interest in politics both locally and nationally.

Hope at First

During the first months of unemployment I felt confident in being able to find another job. I received unemployment pay, and a few shillings weekly from my trade union. But the trade union's funds were low and this latter source of income ceased after a few months. Nevertheless, by the aid of our little savings, we were able to get along. We hesitated to move into cheap rooms, for both of us were devoted to our son and wanted him to grow up in decent surroundings, and to go into the world better equipped than his parents had been. I searched for work daily in my own trade, but everywhere the story was the same—engineering firms were sacking men, not setting them on.

After a year of vain efforts I decided to accept any job I could get even if it meant going outside my trade. This decision seemed a big one at the time, for it meant giving up all my trade union positions and cutting myself off from my former associates. I had found my position in the trade union movement considerably weakened during my period of unemployment. In spite of the existence of thousands of unemployed skilled engineers, to be workless is somehow related in the minds of the employed with inefficiency. Although, however, I had been conscious of this definite loss of prestige, I had entertained some faint hopes of getting a paid job in my union. I remember that at that time to make the decision to go out of the trade seemed equivalent to accepting a job. But I soon found that even outside my trade I could get nothing. I did obtain odd jobs at canvassing, but I was a failure at this kind of work.

In the meantime my wife had decided to try and earn a little money so that we might continue to retain our home. She obtained a job as house to house saleswoman, and was able to earn a few shillings to supplement our dole income. It was from this time that the feeling of strain which was beginning to appear in our home life became more marked. I felt a burden on her and I fancy she thought that my failure at canvassing was due to my not having tried very hard. I did earn odd shillings at furniture removing and car driving, but in spite of my previous experience at public speaking I was a complete failure at another agency job that I tried.

The Lack of Good Food

Two years of unemployment found us in a bad way. We placed the child first and consequently both of us suffered from lack of good food. At this period my wife developed gastric trouble and had to enter hospital. Tradesmen were sympathetic and gave us credit, so that a number of debts were contracted,

After her recovery she returned to her work. Life became more and more strained. There were constant bickerings over money matters usually culminating in threats to leave from both of us. The final blow came when the Means Test was put into operation. I realised that if I told the Exchange that my wife was earning a little they might reduce my benefit. If that happened home life would become impossible. When, therefore, I was sent a form on which to give details of our total income I neglected to fill it up. For this I was suspended benefit for six weeks. This was the last straw. Quarrels broke out anew and bitter things were said. Eventually, after the most heartbreaking period of my life, both my wife and son, who had just commenced to earn a few shillings, told me to get out, as I was living on them and taking the food they needed.

I left and took with me a little furniture. I rented an unfurnished bedroom for 4s. 6d. a week in the house of an unemployed man who has a wife and three children. This happened some fifteen months ago. Since then I have drawn 15s. 3d. weekly from the dole and have had to sell every bit of furniture I had. All my books and odd valuables have gone the same way. I spend in addition to the rent a few shillings a week on stamps, writing paper, fares, and clothes, and try to exist on 8s. a week for food. I have never been able to afford coal for a fire and I can't thrust myself on my landlord. He has barely enough room round his fire for his own family.

'I Think of Warm Sheltered Places'

I view the city in which I have lived all my life through different eyes these days. I now think in terms of warm sheltered places like the public libraries, where I like to read revolutionary novels. I take practically all my meals at cheap cafés and spend an hour over a cup of coffee and a bun. Friendly neighbours have occasionally brought food to my room. Usually they accuse me in playful raillery of being unable to cook, and in a challenging sort of tone ask me to 'try this' and tell them what I think of it. It's charity, perhaps, but I'd rather accept this than go to the futile professional charity organisations.

During this period of semi-starvation I have been summoned as 'head of the family' for debts incurred during my wife's illness. Fortunately the judge had a sense of humour and suspended judgment. I have thrown myself into revolutionary movements from time to time, but it all seems so futile. The one important thing is to get hold of money. I'd steal if I could get away with it. I'm disgusted with my former political and trade union associates. They come along at election times—and I've helped them—mouth sentimental platitudes, and when they are returned their promises are forgotten. Everybody seems to be out solely for themselves. Amongst the working class I've met with sympathy and friendliness that I never realised existed, but as far as I am concerned I can never get away from the urgent need for money. It seems incredible that all this could have happened to me in four years. Physically I am not the man I was. I get food, but the quality is bad. I take as much exercise as I feel strong enough to take.

The outlook as far as I am concerned is hopeless. I've given up dreaming of any return to my former life and work, and just hang on hoping something big will happen before I die. I don't believe things can go on like this much longer, and because of this I am willing to suffer this hellish existence for a few more months.

IV—Youth in Search of a Career

I AM within a few months of my eighteenth birthday. I attended an elementary school, leaving in 1930. At the age of fourteen I was top boy of the school, and since leaving school I have been unsuccessful in obtaining employment with any promise of a career. We are not a very large family, only my father and I, my mother dying when I was three years old. We have lived in a boarding house for the last twelve years. From the age of fifteen I have had several situations, lasting from a period of two months to a few days.

My last job was packing soft goods in a warehouse at Cheap-side, the hours being 8 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. I was dismissed at the end of one week, the reason being that I was too slow at packing. The wage was 16s. per week plus overtime from 6.30 p.m. till 10 p.m. at the rate of 5d. per hour. The work was very monotonous, but no person was employed for more than a week if he could not pack a certain number per hour.

When I arrived at the Exchange to claim benefit I was informed that there was a query about my last dismissal, and I received no benefit until a favourable answer came from the Court of Referees two weeks later. From then I have had no assistance whatever other than the 8s. a week from the Exchange. I have applied for clerical and other kinds of work at many of the firms in the City, but the answer always given is that I am too old.

I managed to get a job for two days delivering circulars at Chalk Farm. I was told that the wage would be 5s. per day plus expenses when I had finished the district together with two other boys. We each received 6s. less 1s. 2d. for insurance stamps for our two days' work. We protested against the money that was given us, but the manager said that he had meant 3s. per day, not 5s., so we let the case stand at that.

At present I am attending a Junior Instruction Centre, not so much because it is one of the qualifying conditions to draw unemployment benefit, but as a means whereby I can improve my education.

Fits of Depression

Fits of depression and morbidness were the hardest things I had to fight against. But I attended gymnastic classes every morning, and gradually I shook off gloomy thoughts and a listless attitude and became keener in my efforts to find work. These classes are one of the best assets the unemployed have as they make the mind healthy and dispel the jaded outlook on life.

The knowledge of the state of the unemployed which I have gathered from many visits to unemployed clubs and centres, together with my own experiences, has led me to take a great interest in Communism, and almost all my time when not at the J.I.C. is devoted to the study of present-day politics.

I became at this time a very rabid reader of social and anti-religious works. I marched in every demonstration that was organised in South London. Although interest in religious matters wanes amongst the unemployed, the study of politics spreads every day. People who have never given a thought to politics when in work wake up to the fact that something is definitely wrong and patronise all sorts of political meetings. I have never belonged to any trade union or co-operative movement, but I know men whom I have met at various political meetings, and unemployment seems to have stimulated interest in them to such an extent that they spend their spare time telling small knots of hearers what they would do if they were in charge of these movements, what drastic measures they would carry out and what social teachings they would impress upon the people.

Leaving my own case I will now deal with that of my father. He is 46 years of age and up to the age of 44 he occupied good positions, his last situation being in the Accounts Department of

one of the large trading companies in the City. His salary was about £300 per annum. This position he held for five years, and he was discharged in 1929 on account of company amalgamation with its attendant reduction of staff.

From June, 1929, for a period of 18 months he was unemployed. Home affairs became very critical towards the latter part of his period when out-of-work. We had to sell a bookcase and two or three hundred books to get sufficient money to make ends meet. I had noticed during this period that my father, from being a staunch Conservative, had changed to an enthusiastic supporter of the Labour Party. The greatest change, however, which I noticed in him, was his intense hatred of Militarism, despite the fact that he had served in the Army prior to and during the Great War, in the ranks and also as an officer.

A Contrast between Young and Old

Another thing I have noticed is the attitude of the old and middle-aged men in sharp contrast with the young and more virile men. The men from 40 upwards look for work with such pathetic optimism. They know that in the race against youth they are beaten; even after 2 or 3 years of total unemployment, they still hope for work. They are to be seen in the public libraries every morning looking down the vacancies' columns with alert eyes, ready to go out in competition against the younger men. The men between 21 and 40 years of age are keen for the first six to twelve months, then they gradually fall into a slough of despondency and gloom. Even when their benefit ceases, the prospect of the workhouse is contemplated with dispassionate eyes.

Family life has naturally become very difficult in my case as well as in the majority of cases. My father's urgings for me to find work, when there is no work available, tend to a state of nervous friction; quarrels over trifles result and high words are used in the heat of the moment. The constant drain of money in an endeavour to provide clothes as well as the necessities of life for two instead of one, is an addition to the tense attitude of home life.

The steadily increasing numbers of unemployed every day, the fact that every day more lads of my age are being dismissed in favour of boys of 14 who leave school and are prepared to start at a much lesser wage; also the fact that firms would accept boys fresh from employment rather than those who have had no regular employment for six months, have produced in me a very pessimistic attitude towards employment.

'I Intend to Emigrate'

The world is in a very bad state financially and I see no hope; under the present system, of affairs brightening up in less than five years. One of the only hopes for England is a vast cataclysm, sweeping away class distinctions and finally wiping out all class warfare. Only when employers and employees are on a better footing with one another will prosperity dawn again.

I do not expect to get back to my old calling, that of a junior clerk, but I am confident that I am capable of earning a livelihood in any capacity where determination and intelligence are the main essentials. I have realised my father's mistake: for when I sat for and gained a Technical Scholarship, he persuaded me to give up the idea of training as a mining engineer which was my greatest ambition and to take up clerical work later on.

I have no intention of waiting in the Micawberish hope 'that something will turn up'. I intend to throw up all hope of employment in England and emigrate to Canada where I shall fight again to build up a career. Although many stories drift back to England of the many failures, I am quite positive that if I exert my will power and put my back into work, I will succeed in my endeavour to construct a sound future.

V—'I Hate this Nothing-to-Do'—A Married Woman Factory Worker

I HAD WORKED AT the British Celanese factory for eight and a half years when I was locked out. That was last Christmas. I was in charge of the 'perm-winders' stores and I had a grand job. The 'perm winders' are a part of the weaving department and when the company lowered the weavers' piece rates last December the weavers threatened to strike rather than accept the reduction. The company refused to let them work until the new rates were accepted. We all turned up at 8 o'clock three days after Christmas to find the department shut down, and my stores was closed along with the rest.

I had nothing to do with the dispute. My wages were not in question because I was not a weaver, and as far as I know the foreman had no fault to find with my work. I had been in the same stores doing the same work for more than six years and I had never been late, never reprimanded and never lost time for sickness. Not all of the weavers returned when the 'lock out' was over. The old hands did not get taken on again, as young girls of sixteen to nineteen are as good at the job and a great deal cheaper. I suppose that is why I have not been able to get my job

again. I have written about a dozen letters to the firm, but either they do not answer me or they tell me they regret they cannot take me on.

I am forty-three. My husband left me ten years ago and I have not heard of him since. I have six children; the eldest is a boy and is twenty-two. He is in the Navy. My eldest daughter is seventeen and she works at Faire's, the elastic webbing factory. She will bring home anything from 11s. to 18s. a week, but to get 18s. she has to work from eight o'clock in the morning to seven at night. My next boy is sixteen and he works at the Celanese for 15s. My girl aged fifteen is in the making-up department at the Celanese and she earns 14s. a week. My youngest girl to be working is also at the webbing factory and she gets 9s. 6d. a week. I have two girls still at school; the youngest is eleven.

When I was working I got 30s. a week; since Christmas I have had to keep the six of us on the children's earnings and my unemployment pay. I have now come to the end of my bene-

(Continued on page 170)

Crime in Handwriting

I—Why We Distrust Handwriting Experts

By ROBERT SAUDEK

'Give me two lines of a man's handwriting', said Cardinal Richelieu, 'and I will hang him'. In this series of articles Europe's foremost graphologist shows, by reference to historic cases such as the Dreyfus affair, how the scientific study of handwriting contributes to the detection of crime

WHEN the experts were called upon to testify as to the genuineness or otherwise of the disputed document, they disagreed as they always do'. This is a quotation from a Dutch paper, March, 1933, but a similar sentence of the same meaning appears in practically all newspaper reports whenever in civil and criminal courts all over the world a disputed written document forms an important part of the circumstantial evidence. This ironical attitude towards forensic examiners of handwriting is by no means typical of our own times only; we may go back in history a hundred, four hundred, or fourteen hundred years, to see that the same objections against the evidence of handwriting experts which are raised today have been raised at any time throughout Western civilisation.

Here is a quotation from a pamphlet written in 1704 (by an eminent French authority on Civil Law), and republished in English in 1744*: 'How often have these pretenders to skill differed among themselves? How contradictory their sentiments; some maintaining a writing to be an original, others that it was a copy only; some that such a writing was genuine, others that it was forged? Need there be a stronger proof of the uncertainty of their skill, and danger of building upon their evidence, than their own disagreements?' And a few pages further on we read in the same pamphlet: 'Who can say that he is safe in Life, Liberty or Character, whilst forgeries are encouraged by the practice introduced into our Courts of Judicature of admitting proof by similitude of hands, in criminal prosecution?'

No doubt this critic and all who accepted his argument in the course of another two hundred years or so were right, were it only because history does not tell us of a single Skilled Viewer (as the experts were then called) who was really skilled or had the slightest notion of those features from which the authorship of a handwriting can be reliably established. Nowhere in the expert literature up to 1857 do we find any hint as to the difference between conspicuous and inconspicuous features in handwriting, or as to the evidence of either; nor any discrimination between those features which are influenced by mechanical factors (e.g. writing materials, quill, nib, pencil, chalk), and those which are due to physical factors (e.g. temporary handicaps such as fatigue, or recurring rheumatic troubles, stiffness caused by injuries, or the changes in any writing in the course of life); and finally those features, if there are any, which are indestructibly connected with the writer's personality and nobody else's.

As a matter of fact, until the end of the nineteenth century, the same criticism as uttered almost fourteen hundred years before by the Emperor Justinian still held good. This is what the Emperor decreed when supplementing his first and second law on the validity of handwriting as evidence in Law Courts by a third and final commentary:

We have considered the Laws now in Force concerning Proof by Similitude of Hands, and have seen that some authorise the Admission of such Proof, and that our Predecessors, by other Laws, had intirely excluded it. These discerning Legislators saw the absurdity of endeavouring to detect a forged Writing only by its Similitude with one of all Hands admitted to be genuine, because Falsehood is nothing but an Imitation of that which is true. And we ourselves have observed a multitude of Forgeries occasioned by the Admission of this Sort of Proof; but particularly an Instance in Armenia, no less extraordinary than unexpected. A particular Person having exhibited in a Court of Justice, a written Contract of Truck or Exchange which was denied by the Defendant, the Court ordered it should be proved by Similitude of Hands; Skillful Scriveners were appointed and heard; they could see no Similitude, and therefore adjudged the Contract to be forged. Yet after all, Chance brought Truth to Light; and the Writing, which all the skillful had judged to be forged, was found to be genuine, and owned such by all those who had subscribed it as Witnesses.

But upon the whole, what Certainty can there be in a Proof founded on any thing so uncertain and variable, as a Resemblance or

Similitude of Hands subject to alteration from so many Causes and Incidents? Does any man write always in the very same Manner? What Likeness can be between the Strokes of Pen guided by a young vigorous steady Hand, and those produced by the same Hand, when it comes to be enervated by old Age? But what do I say? Is there any thing more necessary than the simple Change of a Pen or Ink (or even of Paper) to occasion a Dissimilitude? In short, it is impossible to enumerate the Inconveniencies that might ensue from the Admission of such Proof, and the Motives that induced those Legislators and us, &c.

I cannot see much difference between the views which the Emperor Justinian held in 529 and those offered by an English judge in a London Court only a short time ago. Is this so because the skill and the wisdom of the experts on handwriting have not improved in the course of fourteen hundred years, and because now as then they miserably break down whenever put to a severe test?

Recent experiences in many civil and criminal courts all over the world rather suggest a positive answer to this question. Only in the course of the last few years has public opinion been greatly excited by numerous cases where in law courts a letter of farewell was claimed as the main evidence of suicide of the defendant, and as evidence of murder by the Public Prosecutor, who thought the letter to be a forgery and the alleged forger to be the murderer.

Of those numerous cases one happened in New York, and another in Vienna. In neither case did the handwriting experts agree. In another case, tried at The Hague, a disputed document was expected to bear evidence either of murder or of manslaughter; but here again five experts testified to the genuineness of the document, while four others pertinently claimed it to be a forgery. In Paris half-a-dozen handwriting experts recently employed in a *cause célèbre* fared even worse. They attributed some writing to a person who by other really conclusive evidence, or at least by such as the court regarded as conclusive, proved to be innocent of the alleged forgery. In Berlin, no less than fourteen experts, among them some of high repute, could not agree on the question which part of a receipt for a very large sum had been written first, and which later on. The upper part, a somewhat lengthy text, was admittedly written by the defendant, and the signature beneath was the undisputed genuine writing of the plaintiff. But the latter claimed that his signature had been written on a blank and criminally misused by the defendant's insertion of a false text.

Dozens of similar cases could be cited. But, irritating as they are, they have at least this in their favour, that in none of them can we doubt the good faith of the experts. True, they disagree; some of them are evidently ignorant; but at least they mean what they say; whereas a hundred years ago one could safely assume that the Skilled Viewers did not mean what they said, but were deliberate liars, and sometimes forgers themselves, in fact, professional crooks in the permanent service of those ill-reputed *cabinets noirs* of which history tells us such horrifying details. It was admittedly their task either to produce forgeries, or to testify in courts to the genuineness of such forgeries, or to supply colleagues of theirs who served the same master with that written material which was needed to condemn a man.

Richelieu said: 'Give me two lines of a man's handwriting, and I will hang him', and Sir George Turner, in a recent work on Mary Stuart†, refers continually to forgeries:

Cecil and Walsingham, Elizabeth's ministers, used forgeries unblushingly in the Babington conspiracy.

Maitland of Lethington, who was Mary Stuart's secretary, admitted at the York Conference that he had often imitated her writing. Camden, who had access to Cecil's secret papers, testifies to this fact; in fact, he used to amuse himself by forgery. Elizabeth herself, talking to Da Silva, the Spanish ambassador, told him that she knew that Lethington had forged the Casket Letters, and that she was going to make him feel very uncomfortable about the matter.

*A Dissertation shewing the Invalidity of all Proof by Similitude of Hands, in Criminal Cases. London, 1744

†Mary Stuart. *Forgotten Forgeries*. By Sir George Turner. Rich & Cowan. 10s. 6d.

Moray is suspected of having forged the confessions of Paris, Bothwell's servant.

Elizabeth, when a shrewd young girl "twixt axe and crown", took precautions against any additions to her letters by covering the space unoccupied by her writing with crossed lines and smaller crosses like those which now stand for kisses in love-letters.

When Lord Gordon was a prisoner at Craigmiller, Moray sent a forged order as if from Mary for his execution, but the Captain of the Castle refused to act upon it.

Elizabeth herself, when in the Tower in Mary Tudor's reign, narrowly escape execution in the same way.

When Lethington was under Moray's displeasure, imprisoned and about to suffer death, Kirkcaldy forged an order for his release, and so he escaped.

Mary's consent to the bond of her marriage to Bothwell is an admitted forgery by Lethington.

These are only a few instances in the history of England. They sound almost harmless if compared with those which we come across in the history of France, particularly in the time of Cardinal Richelieu; but even later, as a matter of fact up to the time of the great Dreyfus *affaire*, time and again some *cabinet noir* was at work. The great adventurer Casanova, though hardly a reliable authority, tells amusing stories about the practices by which the King of France was induced to issue those *lettres de cachet* against undesirable persons, who were accused of treasonable correspondence, and had no possibility of appealing against such orders, though their alleged letters were not even shown to them.

But though such experiences are quite impossible nowadays, and though our laws certainly do not encourage forgers, the fact remains that the evidence of modern experts sometimes seems to the public no more reliable than that of those crooks who pretended to expert knowledge in former times. No wonder the public and the legal authorities are even today quite as sceptical about the science of handwriting experts as about that of psychiatrists, of whom it is known that they never agreed in court when two or more of them were testifying in the same case. So irritating is this experience that one may safely say that if it were possible to dispense with experts, both on psychiatry and on handwriting, the juridical authorities would be only too glad to do so. But neither has this ever been possible, nor is it so today. So numerous are the cases where some handwriting—not necessarily a signature, which is the only means by which to dispose of material possessions or to enter into contractual engagements, but possibly a figure or a date only—is disputed, that one could as well stop hundreds of proceedings altogether as dispense with the evidence of experts.

What then have we to do? Shall we follow the ancient rule which for some centuries chose between the two evils by allowing the proof by similarity of handwriting in civil law, and not admitting it where criminal charges were concerned? Hardly, since the argument then was theological rather than judicious. They of course took the Divine Law as irrefutable, unalterable, and for ever valid to man. The application of this Divine Law amounted practically to this, that in any case where the criminal law was involved, the genuineness or otherwise of a disputed handwriting could be established only if three witnesses happened to be present when the words were actually written, which meant practically that most of such cases had simply to be dismissed without further trial.

Such a view could not possibly last for ever. And it seems to be rather amusing that the profession of experts on handwriting should have survived mainly because clerical fathers were afraid lest such a principle, if consistently applied, would deprive them of the opportunity publicly to prosecute adultery in court. After all, so ran their argument, there are crimes which because of their very nature are hardly ever committed in the presence of witnesses, and if, therefore, forgers could be convicted only on the evidence of witnesses the same would hold good for adulterers as well. Perhaps in their view an unconvicted adulterer was a greater evil than a man unjustly convicted. Anyhow, their second argument is more consistent with our present ways of arguing than their conception of the Divine Law. It runs as follows: either has the proof by similarity of hands no merit whatsoever, and then it should be completely discarded, or it has some value, and then there is no reason why once admitted in one case it should be refused in the other.

We shall see later that this logic, plausible as it sounds, is often, and rightly so, repugnant to many of our ablest judges. I know of some who would never convict a defendant on the mere evidence of handwriting experts when the charge is a

criminal one, but would hardly hesitate to do so when sitting in a Civil Court. But, unfortunately, I also know of judges who would accept the evidence of any two unskilled 'experts' should chance will it that they should agree once in a way. Again, such a procedure sounds wise enough, but in practice, though unintentionally, it produces class justice. We have to remember that there are more incompetent experts than competent ones, and to understand that a wealthy defendant will always be able to secure the services of some who testify in his favour and by disagreeing with his skilled colleagues will create those doubts which according to an old-established principle should always be given to the benefit of the defendant. Of all the problems with which we have to deal in connection with forensic expertise on handwriting, this seems to me to be the most important. Though naturally I cannot prove it with definite statistics, I may claim to have sufficient evidence to believe that of all cases where experts have disagreed in the last ten years or so, this reason accounts for 80 per cent. of those dissents, and therefore, of course, also for the conclusions which the public and the juridical authorities make from this apparent uncertainty as to the skill of the experts.

But how can the judge discriminate between the skilled and the unskilled expert? Let us attempt to find an answer to this question in the most famous case of modern times, when for the first time the old school of expertise in handwriting clashed with the new; when for the first time the novel mentality of our science shed its light in European law courts, and when all the dark forces combined in the struggle against enlightenment—*l'affaire Dreyfus*.

Memoirs of the Unemployed

(Continued from page 168)

fit and I am told that I must go to the Public Assistance this week. They will apply the Means Test to me, but they will see that I have nothing but the children's wages, which come to about £2 17s. when they are working overtime in the summer. In the winter they work short time and I only get half that amount. I have no more furniture to sell. I have already parted with everything that I could spare to the neighbours for whatever I could get, and now I have a table, three chairs, a couch and the beds left.

I don't suppose I shall ever have more, for I do not know on Fridays who to pay first. I get the food from the nearest shop on 'strap' and I must pay that debt or there's no more forthcoming for the rest of the week. The rent is 7s. 6d. a week, and I must not get far behind with that. It's the children's clothes that worry me most. They want so much feeding and they are always wanting their shoes soled. I cannot let them go without shoes in the bad weather, but that means that they must go without food. The older girls are clever and make all their own clothes from odds and ends that they buy from the factory. But I don't know how I am going to get new bedclothes or top coats for the winter.

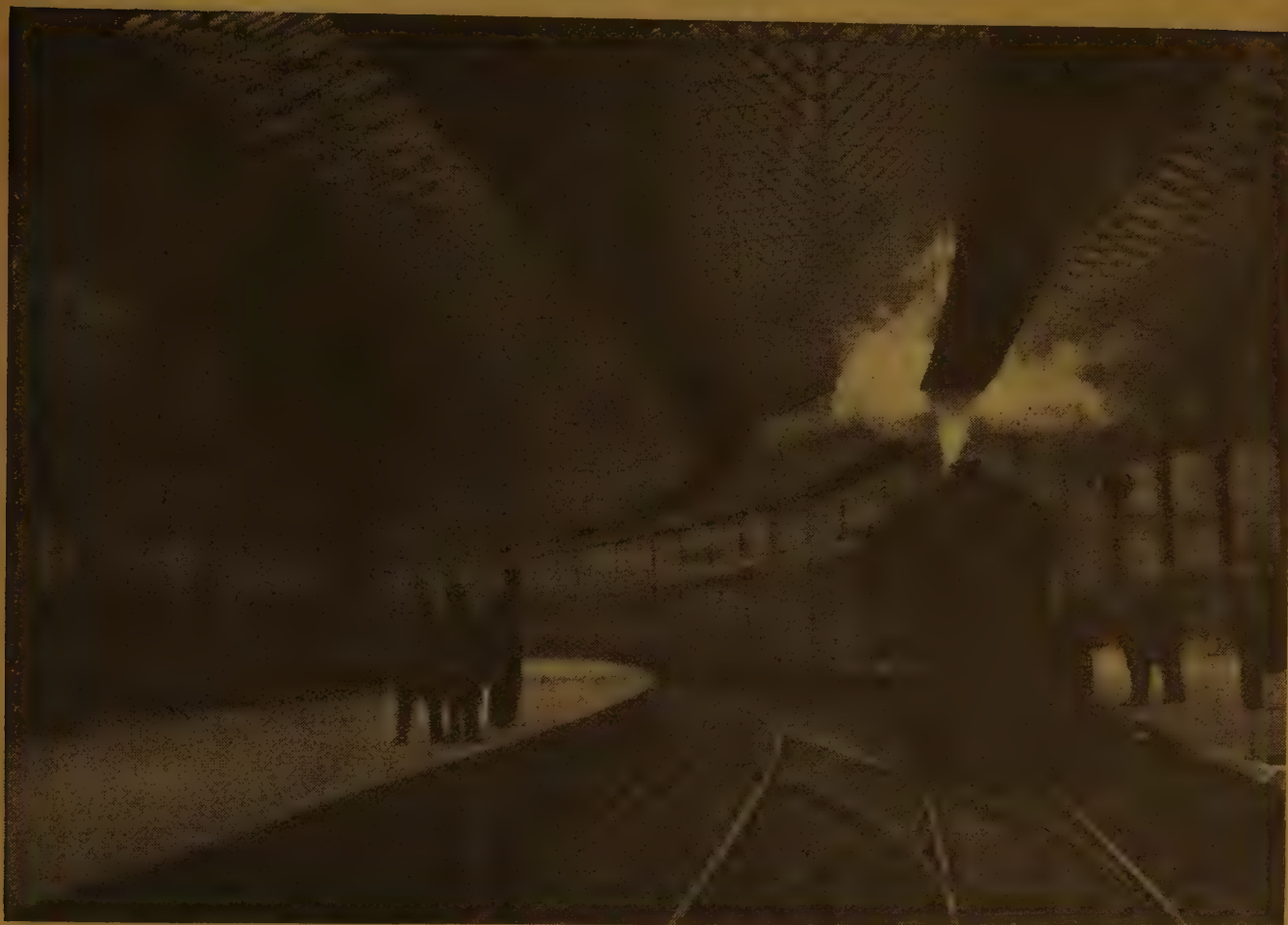
I have tried to get work, but there is no regular work for a woman of my age. If I can get enough cleaning to do I shall give up the 'Labour' altogether and the Celanese. But I don't welcome the change after nearly nine years of work that I liked and did well. I hate this nothing-to-do. I am a strong woman and I can keep this little house clean with two hours' work a day. I liked having my work at the factory, although it meant eleven hours away from home every day and five on Saturday, and doing the cooking, washing and sewing for the week on Saturday afternoon and Sunday. But I liked doing it and I worked hard for the regular 30s.; now that there is nothing for me to do to earn the money we need for clothes and food I must try 'charing'.

I had a lot to do with the weavers' trade union when I was in work but I have lost touch with them since Christmas. In any case they do nothing for the workers in this part. I can always find enough to fill my time; there is plenty of sewing and mending, and I can sometimes borrow magazines to read on Sunday evenings, and I have a small garden that I like to do. But this is not my work, and however much I do I cannot earn the money for the children's clothes.

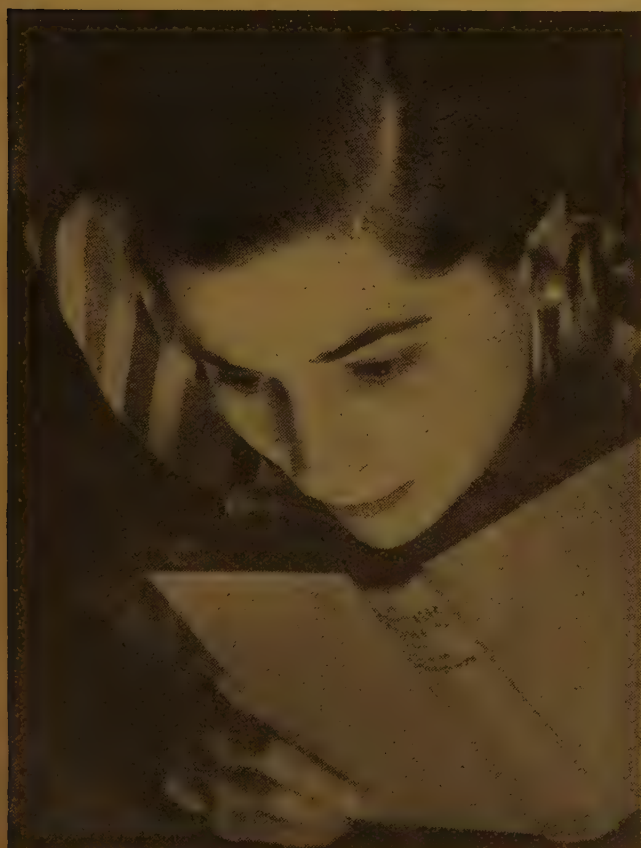
(A further selection of these Memoirs will be published in next week's issue of THE LISTENER.)

Lord David Cecil's life of Cowper, *The Stricken Deer*, has been added to Constable's series of Crown volumes (price, 5s.); Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi*, in two volumes, and Parts I and II of Goethe's *Faust* (translated by Bayard Taylor), in one volume, to the World's Classics (Oxford University Press, 2s. each volume); and Samuel Butler's *Way of All Flesh* to Everyman's Library (Dent, 2s.).

Pictorial Photographic Competition



'Euston', by A. B. Fearnley



'The End of a Chapter', by R. Moore

LAST WEEK'S ENTRIES for the Photographic Competition, while numerous, were not on the whole of a very high standard, and unfortunately the competitor who sent in a really outstanding entry, 'Under the Pier at Blackpool', failed to comply with Condition 2 of the rules. We regret therefore that this photograph is not eligible for the prize, but we hope to find space to reproduce it in our next issue. We do not consider any other entry good enough to qualify for the full prize of five guineas, which we are accordingly dividing between Dr. A. B. Fearnley (three guineas) and Mr. R. Moore (two guineas) for the two photographs reproduced on this page.

We are offering each week till the end of August a prize of *Five Guineas* for the best photograph submitted by an amateur. The purpose of the competition is to encourage the *pictorial* photograph. The Editor reserves the right not to award the prize in any one week if the entries do not reach a high level, or to divide the prize between two or more competitors.

Competitors should note carefully the following conditions:

(1) The prize of five guineas for the winning photograph, and any sums of one guinea which may be paid for other photographs published, will purchase the first British right of reproducing such photographs within a period of fifteen days.

(2) Each photograph entered must be accompanied by a form cut from an issue of THE LISTENER stating that the photograph is the personal work of the entrant. This form will be published each week throughout the duration of the competition. Any number of photographs can be submitted, but each must be accompanied by an entrance form. (See page 153.)

(3) No photograph may be entered for the competition which has previously been published elsewhere.

(4) Photographic prints sent in will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope of appropriate size.

(5) The decision of the Editor is final, and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to his judgment.

(6) Parcels or envelopes containing entries must be marked 'LISTENER Photographic Competition', and the Editor cannot accept responsibility for photographs lost in transit.

Entries reaching the office of THE LISTENER up to the first post on Saturday will be judged for the issue of THE LISTENER published eleven days later.

Art

Seeing is Believing

MR. ERIC GILL has recently collected a baker's dozen of his essays, pamphlets and reviews which together make a very effective body of doctrine about art—not a formal theory and in no sense a pretentious polemic, but simply, as he himself says, a collection of essays 'in aid of a grammar of practical aesthetics'. The word 'practical' is here significant; Mr. Gill writes as a working artist; and he has rather a scorn for the kind of interloper who does not produce works of art, but attempts to explain them—a class to which I presumably belong. But Mr. Gill must have found, in the course of writing these essays, that it is extremely difficult to write about art—that one is all the time up against words, words which are meaningless unless you define them, and devilish awkward to use once you have defined them; in fact, Mr. Gill must admit, because he is honest, that explaining art, *i.e.*, art criticism, is itself an art and one which requires a good deal of skill. It is an art in which Mr. Gill himself is very efficient.

On several occasions, in print and in conversation, I have had skirmishes with Mr. Gill on the subject of art, but so far I do not think we have come to grips, and certainly I have never felt decisively routed. But now or never is the time. With nine-tenths of Mr. Gill's views on art I am entirely in sympathy, and I have nothing but admiration for his own integrity as an artist and as a citizen. But somewhere there is a fundamental disagreement between us which leads to distressing results. About the art of the past I do not think we should have much difference of opinion—I might be more tolerant of a certain exuberance in perfectly useless types of ornament, such as Sèvres porcelain, but that is a foible. It is when we come to Modern art—the sort called Modern to indicate its mentality rather than its date—that we seriously disagree. Then what I find directly delightful—say, a painting like the one by Joan Miró reproduced here—Mr. Gill finds affected, mountebank, highbrow, perverse, at the best a sort of private joke perpetrated for the amusement of an inner circle of aesthetes. In this attitude Mr. Gill is supported by a large public who, incidentally (see the daily Press), would not hesitate to condemn Mr. Gill's own work along with the rest of 'this Modern stuff'.

I believe that Mr. Gill's inconsistency (for I must continue to regard it as such) springs from a simple error in his grammar of practical aesthetics. There are several statements of the fundamentals of this grammar in *Beauty Looks After Herself*, and they all repeat the same error. In an essay called 'Art and Sanctification', for example, Mr. Gill gives us a list of about forty 'more or less well-known Works of Art'. He points out that, whilst all these works of art are delightful to some people, to some people some of them are not at all delightful. He then asks: 'Who is right? How can we judge? Must we follow our fancy?' And he answers: 'Yes, but fancy is not necessarily blind'.

We are not speaking of moral or physical values. We have eliminated them from the discussion. There is no difficulty about *them*. If a picture or a book is an occasion of sin to one or to many, such picture or book can be destroyed 'by the

authority of the prince', and if prudish princes destroy good works no artist need worry—there are more fish in the sea than ever came out. No, the question here is not as to what is morally good or allowable, but as to what is intellectually recognisable and delightful, and in this matter the just man may follow his fancy. All that he need concern himself about is his justice. The intelligence is no less amenable to training than the will. The appreciation of the beautiful is the appreciation of the rational. It is the appreciation of what properly belongs to a rational soul.

A later formulation of the same doctrine, from the title-essay of the book, will help us to understand what Mr. Gill means, and will, I think, show the illogical process of his reasoning. He is arguing against the suggestion that 'a profound sense of form', independent of intellectual or religious belief, is the essential quality of all art:

This conclusion, however, seems to help very little; for if a thing has a certain form (and a material thing must have some form) the form must be the right form or the wrong, a good form or a bad, and when we say that a certain thing has right or good form we can only mean that it has the form proper to it if it really is what it purports to be. A profound sense of form means therefore a profound sense of what is right form, and that means a profound sense of what form a certain thing, being what it is, ought to have. But to know what form a thing ought to have involves the knowledge of what the thing that is to be made really *is*, and that involves knowledge of its significance and purpose, the place where it is to go and the material of which it is to be made. But knowledge of the significance and purpose of things is, for man, a rational and not merely animal being, conditioned by general as well as particular considerations, and it is precisely a profound sense of these general considerations, as well as of the particular considerations, which is necessary to

the production of any good and right work.

We now see how Mr. Gill can make the strange and paradoxical statement that 'the appreciation of the beautiful is the appreciation of the rational'. If we examine this second quotation, we shall find a quite illogical identification of 'sense' and 'knowledge'. Mr. Gill slides from 'sense' in one sentence to 'knowledge' in the next without a word said to anyone. But has he a right to do this, especially when, in the outcome, knowledge is to be further qualified as 'rational'? The *sense* by which we apprehend 'form' in a work of art, even when (and this is not always the case) form can be analysed into number and proportion, is not a rational mode of apprehension at all; it is a direct intuition. And if Mr. Gill then asks, how do we distinguish between the good and the bad in his list of forty 'well-known Works of Art', I reply: By the superiority of our intuitive faculties—in other words, by the acuteness of our physical sensibility. Just as in music there are people blessed with an 'ear', and only they can hope to have good judgment of music, so in the visual arts there are people blessed with an 'eye', and only they can judge between 'The Soul's Awakening' and Van Gogh's 'Yellow Chair'. The intellect does not come into the question, nor the rational soul. Mr. Gill is fond of quoting St. Thomas Aquinas' dictum: Beauty is that which being seen pleases (*id quod visum placet*). Why not leave it at that?

HERBERT READ



A work of art that Mr. Gill would not like: 'Femme Assise', by Joan Miró—

By courtesy of the Mayor Galleries



—and a work of art that Mr. Gill would like: the Apocalypse, the Portail Royal, Chartres Cathedral

Photograph: Giraudon

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed by its correspondents in these columns

The American Recovery Plan

Sir Josiah Stamp's involved broadcast criticism of the American Recovery Plan was in striking contrast to the plain statement made by Professor Moulton. It was essentially a nineteenth-century reply to a twentieth-century problem. The American plan particularly emphasises the primary importance of restarting the wheels of industry, and getting men to work in order to increase purchasing power. Sir Josiah's remarks were almost entirely confined to the lesser part of the problem, *i.e.*, the monetary aspect. His chief fear for the success of the plan is the old story—'the action of the speculator producing lack of confidence'. Surely in the present desperate state of the world's commerce there is a short way of dealing with this aspect of the problem, by Government control. This procedure has a precedent in the war-time control of exchange. If this was possible for a war-time emergency, it can be repeated for peaceful and productive purposes.

Another part of Sir Josiah Stamp's speech, in which he said or inferred that the consumption by wage-earners is not the most important factor in purchasing power, is certainly open to challenge. To take the case of his own company, the L.M.S., the third-class passenger is certainly the mainstay of the company's revenue, and who is he but the wage-earner, the salaried man, the holiday-maker, or the traveller mainly for goods for common consumption? On the goods side, too, the bulk of transit of coal, steel and general merchandise is also for common consumption. What is true of the L.M.S. applies practically to every other form of industry. It is a pity that the British reply showed so little helpful criticism.

Derby

F. J. COBBETT

Price Levels and Exchange Rates

Professor Cassel advocates a proportional rise in the price levels of Great Britain and the United States to provide a firm foundation for the stabilisation of the pound-dollar exchange, and goes on to state that 'if both countries keep their price levels constant there will be no difficulty in maintaining a stable exchange between them'. This statement is open to question. Such a supposition seems to presuppose an exact balance in the value between the exports and imports of the two countries. This is entirely unjustified in practice. If, under a freely-working gold standard, a country's imports from another country exceeded its exports to that country, the exchanges would move against that country, gold would be exported, credit in the importing country would expand, prices would rise and the adverse balance of trade would be remedied. In these circumstances, under Professor Cassel's theory, prices would not be allowed to rise, whilst the exchanges would also be expected to remain stable. Presumably, therefore, an adverse balance of trade would have to go unadjusted. If this policy is followed out to its logical conclusion the results would seem to be chaotic. If Professor Cassel intends his suggestion to be practicable rather than abstractly theoretical, he is not entitled to make such a statement without further explanation.

Leiston

F. W. JOHN LAST

Controversy and Credit

In your issue of July 12, Mr. F. P. Beech writes: 'It is obvious that irresponsible legislation affecting currency and banking will be attended by grave consequences'. So would irresponsible legislation affecting the army, or education, or any other

major issue. But need it be assumed that a government which tried to put some sort of National Credit scheme into operation would be irresponsible?

Mr. E. Carnell says that banks do not create money. This is a sad blow to one who pinned his faith to the Macmillan Report and the utterances of Mr. Reginald McKenna. But Mr. Carnell is one of those, to me, incomprehensible people who declare that though we might grow a splendid crop of, say, raspberries, we must not touch a single one of them unless we have also dug out of the ground a certain quantity of a particular yellow metal. In Heaven's name, why? He also remarks: 'The law of a paper currency is that it will do the work of the metal it replaces and no more. Bankers and governments can no more abolish this law than they can abolish the law of gravity'. Surely you might as well say that bankers and governments can no more abolish the divorce laws, or the laws regulating dog-licences, than, etc. Man made the banking and currency laws, and he can unmake and alter them. Mr. Carnell says that the amount of currency is determined by various factors, such as the price level. Precisely. Under the present system it is. What all of us ask for is that the only factors should be the amount of goods to be distributed and the number of people who need them. He also says that money is a commodity. Again precisely. It ought not to be. It ought to be the agency for distribution and exchange: in fact, an easily worked method of accountancy.

Harleston

BONAMY DOBRÉE

Humanising Adult Education

Mr. F. Catesby Holland seems to be upset over the conditions I have postulated for the continued success of the adult education movement. Immediately derived from the fundamental principles of democracy, one can quite understand how harmful these canons appear in some quarters.

Mr. Holland favours a planned, systematic adult education. Who is to do the planning? The Board of Education? In the present instance the Board urges local education authorities to foster folk-dancing and chamber music as against the social sciences. Does Mr. Holland consider that the way to solve the problems brought about by a mechanised civilisation?

The adult student will always enjoy the free choice of intellectual pursuits; his discipline will be self-imposed—for such is Complete Man. Any attempt to force belief will meet with failure—witness the history of martyrdom.

Portsmouth

ERIC LEE

The Art of Picasso

I am very much surprised to see that one or two people who have written letters to THE LISTENER in connection with the 'Profile' painting by Picasso, do not know that there is a large section of responsible opinion in Europe and in America which regards Picasso as one of the vital painters, not merely at present alive, but in the history of painting.

Those people who do not yet understand Picasso's work or who think that they do and dislike it, can quite safely concede this fact. I suggest that, when they understand this, instead of dismissing the discovery of this new world (which has an almost exact parallel in the world created by Einstein) as of no importance, they should reserve their opinion and try to find out something of the opinions and ideas of those who hold a contrary view.

People who understand the paintings of Van Gogh and Cézanne and talk of them in connection with tradition are merely appreciating recognised 'old masters'. That is, I suppose, one step—and the next should come quite simply in appreciating the early Picassos which also have been, for some years, 'old masters'. I understand that the Tate itself has just bought one of these!

Even in Paris, where they have some occasional understanding of contemporary art, the very latest Picassos are never thought to be 'true Picassos'—yet after two years, when there are much later Picassos still, they always become so, and eventually fit quite certainly and irretrievably into the same tradition of all painting and all time.

The first Grand Duke who bought the first Rafael drawings was thought to be encouraging a dangerous revolutionary, and yet Rafael does not seem so very revolutionary to us now, or at any rate to some of us, and all sorts of letters were at that time written to THE LISTENER about it.

Hampstead

BEN NICHOLSON

Dare we, without lapsing into jargon, start from the fact that there is a rhythm in nature? Pythagoras would have called it 'number'. This means multiplicity and order. Add movement, and I don't see that you can get any further. (The curves of a cyclamen are manifold, yet so exquisitely 'in order' that I imagine you could make a graph of them. A waterfall does not 'fall', but is chucked over in lumps, so rhythmically that

you could also make a graph of that, especially if you had a slow-movement film of it. I noticed that, first, in the Alps, then I spent a week at the Victoria Falls, and became quite sure of it.) Now one can be in or out of 'tune' with any rhythm. Very well. We would most of us acknowledge that the universe is pretty large. We should have to be as large as the universe to be 'in tune' with the lot of it. The average man (with luck) is partly in tune with parts of it. In so far as he is, he is right: most men, therefore, are partly right. For unless we say that so and so is universally right (I've yet to meet him), or wholly wrong in all departments (and I've never met that monster), we must agree that most men are probably partly right. Therefore, the Athenians, the Byzantines, Michelangelo, Picasso, and anyone else who has vindicated some amount of general and lasting approbation, is probably partially right, and let us be ever so pleased that he was so. And let us welcome those who perceive his probable partial rightness—because it is just as well that many people should be probably partially right, rather than that they should be certainly quite wrong—I said, it would indeed be startling if they were universally wholly right.

Hence artists, musicians, authors, moralists, philosophers are more or less pictorially, melodiously and harmonically, scriptorially, ethically, mentally, 'in tune' with the entire rhythm of Reality. In Reality, there is of course a way of achieving absolute good taste, complete rectitude of behaviour, a wholly truthful mind. But most people get only bits. X, in possession of one bit, ought not to sneer at Y, in possession of another—if only because the bits usually overlap.

Hence I wish Picasso-ites could recognise the element of correspondence with Reality in—well, Landseer, Frith; 'Songs of Araby'; 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-Ay' (does anyone remember it? Yes, they do; because I heard it sung by some black-skinned babies); Euclid, crinolines. Of course the only thing that really does cater for the lot is the Catholic Mind: but I don't want to cut my throat twice over—I've done it once, I suppose, by mentioning Landseer: but the queer thing is, the lifeblood doesn't run out.

London, W.1

C. C. MARTINDALE

The Building Centre and the Strand Cottages

The Building Centre and the Architect of the Strand Cottages have had many hundreds of letters from people all over the country who want to build similar cottages. It is obvious that these should be built as far as possible by builders in the district of their requirer. The difficulty is to make contact with the builders in the different districts who would like to avail themselves of the opportunity to build these houses at or near the price of £225 each, in accordance with the specification.

It has occurred to the Directors of the Building Centre that they could perform a useful service by extending an invitation to all those builders interested to forward their names to the Centre to be passed on to the enquirer, who will then make his own arrangements direct for the placing of his contract. As the sole purpose of the Building Centre in creating the Competition in the first place was to assist the housing problem by finding the most suitable and economical design, it will hardly be necessary to add that there will be no charge for this service.

158 New Bond Street, W.1

F. R. YERBURY

Director, the Building Centre

Public Schools and their O.T.C.

Your correspondent, 'A Present Member', has allowed his prejudices to disturb his logic. Whether one learns to shoot 'as an individual', or 'as a unit in an army', the ultimate effect on the person aimed at is the same if one's shooting is successful. Moreover, the units in an army are individuals.

No one disputes the value of the O.T.C. during the last War, nor the personal Christianity of 'a great number of military leaders', but since that War (now nearly twenty years ago) the conscience of this and other countries has awakened them to a realisation of mutual responsibility. Consequently it is henceforward no longer possible to argue on this subject 'without considering the moral side of the matter', or to evade the knowledge that learning to understand one's neighbour is a more Christian, if more difficult, occupation than learning to shoot him. As regards physique and a spirit of leadership, they are gained equally well by means of organised games, which are played by the public schools with that object.

Bath

A PAST MEMBER

Can We Imitate Christ?

The Rev. F. R. Barry set out to answer the question: 'Can we imitate Christ?' He gave us a preamble which was good, then he set out to explain to practical Englishmen how Christ is their example: I cannot agree that the purpose of the life of Christ

was to give examples at all, but rather Himself. He does not expect us to be Imitators but Christophers (carriers of Christ)—'Christ in us'. The example, which Christ named as such, was one of humility, and when the practical Englishman, the martyr, the man in a laboratory, or any Viceroy of India and family man can follow that example, then he has experienced a new birth, not that he may live imitating Christ, but that Christ may live in him—not living a life with Christ as something external to copy, but something internal to live, evolving unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. Canon Barry would have us believe that the purpose of the incarnation was only to reveal the attributes of God, whereas the primary object was to express the relationship of man to God through Christ—'Ye are no longer slaves. . . , but sons, heirs and joint heirs with Christ'. 'The Glory which thou hast given me I have given them'. 'I in them and thou in me'. St. Paul has this Christ—'I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me'.

Why trouble that Christ gave no example about social and economic reform? If the social and economic reformers, doctors, engineers, statesmen, merchants and scientists (as stated by Canon Barry) were Christophers, they would be imbued not with 'a spirit which inspires', but with the same spirit which aspires, 'that the love wherewith thou has loved me may be in them and I in them'.

Llanwrtyd Wells

B. J. MEYRICK

The Great Hill Camps

Your correspondent, Mr. Shenstone, asks me for information about certain camps in South Wiltshire. He also asks how the great hill camps as a whole can be classified 'as being Celtic and not Neolithic'.

For the Wiltshire camps I can only refer him to Mr. Crawford's *Wessex from the Air*, where he will find a detailed account of Yarnbury with an air photograph and sufficient information as to Wiltshire camps in general to help him in regard to the whole problem. At Yarnbury in particular an Iron Age camp appears to have been built over an earlier Neolithic earthwork. At Trundle, in Sussex, the same type of double-period camp has been found, the later being safely dated to the Iron Age by excavation. Exactly the same thing is found at Hembury Camp in Devon, now being excavated. From these superimposed camps it is thus possible to establish the type of the earlier and the type of the later. From this classification it is therefore reasonably safe to test those camps which have not been excavated. But Mr. Shenstone must not expect a certain dating of any camp which has not been excavated.

Oxford

STANLEY CASSON

Hours of Work among Young People

As I know that Miss Margery Fry is at present out of England and on her way East, I am venturing to answer Mr. E. M. Love's letter on her behalf. The authority for her remarks as to the excessive hours still worked by young persons was, I think, a statement made in the House of Commons in the course of the Committee proceedings on the Children and Young Persons Bill last year which passed quite unchallenged by any of the committee members. This can be found in the official report for April 28, 1932. If your correspondent wants fuller details I would refer him to the Report of the Select Committee on Shop Assistants, 1931, where he will find an account of cases, mostly of van boys, where eighty or ninety hours were worked in a week. Such cases may be exceptional, but they do occur. On the other hand, Mr. Love's statement that young persons under eighteen are forbidden by law to work more than seventy hours a week is completely inaccurate. To begin with, there are the young persons in unregulated occupations, van boys, messenger boys, ice-cream sellers and the like, for whom no legal protection exists. In the report of the National Advisory Council for Juvenile Employment issued in January, 1932, and covering this type of occupation, it was estimated that in the districts covered by their special inquiry 25.7 per cent. of the boys and 3.6 per cent. of the girls on leaving school entered unregulated occupations. Although this proportion may be slightly higher than it would be for the country as a whole, it is sufficiently clear that a large body of young people are not affected by the legal regulation of hours. Moreover, even for the regulated occupations, seventy hours a week is not necessarily the maximum, since the Shops Act, which covers 127,000 young persons, allows them to work seventy-four hours a week.

London, N.W. 6

W. A. E.

Cæsar and Cæsarism

I read with real surprise your leading article in the issue of July 19 on the above subject—not necessarily because I disagree with your remarks, but from very different motives altogether. We have again and again been told that the British Broadcasting Corporation has to preserve an impartial attitude, above controversy, that where it allows of one side's view being heard it must allow the other, etc., etc. Yet I open my LISTENER to discover the leading article is a column and four lines of insidious propaganda against Fascism. There would be no

objection to this if Fascism had not raised its head in England and demanded in no uncertain tones to be heard by the general public. But today it possesses a force of manpower and opinion in this country too big to neglect.

In these circumstances, and in view of the B.B.C.'s views of its own 'impartiality', I look forward to equally clever and hostile leaders directed against the Conservatives, the Liberals, the Labour Party and the Independent Labour Party, in order to vindicate your policy of holding the scales even. I should like to add that an attack upon Cæsarism comes very ill indeed from the mouthpiece of the dictators of the ether!

London, S.E. 4

E. G. MANDEVILLE ROE

'English Poetry in the Later Nineteenth Century'

Your reviewer, in noticing my book, *English Poetry in the Later Nineteenth Century*, occupies much of his space in counting the number of pages devoted to various writers. While intrigued by the ingenuity of this arithmetical method in criticism, I could wish that he had also considered it necessary to read the book or at least the preface. Thus he condemns my sense of proportion by commenting that 'the poetry of A. E. Housman gets only a page and a half to Alice Meynell's five'. Had he read the preface, he would have discovered that I deal only incidentally with living authors, and had he read page 324, he would have found with immediate reference to A. E. Housman and in the same chapter, that 'a detailed estimate' of living writers has been excluded from my volume. Similarly, he writes that it is typical of my attitude that I 'should praise the fact that Dr. Bridges withheld Hopkins' work from the public so many years'. But I made no such statement. If your reviewer would put down his foot-rule and read my text he would find that what I did say was that I was glad that the work of the smaller poet fell into the hands of the greater, who could at least protect him from his most uncritical admirers.

Ilfield

B. IFOR EVANS

[We have sent the above letter to our reviewer, who replies: 'Professor Evans seeks to excuse the fact that his book gives only one and a half pages to Mr. Housman whereas it gives five to Alice Meynell, by saying that the one is dead and the other still living. But, dead or alive, the disproportion remains. And, since Professor Evans' intention was to trace the history of the poetry of the period (i.e., from 1860 to the close of the nineteenth century) "in the belief that our spiritual origins must be found. . . in what we have rejected and in what we have accepted", I maintain I was amply justified in paying attention to that lack of proportion. To have defined his intention in a preface is not to prove that the intention is either laudable or fulfilled. Also, in regard to my statement concerning Dr. Bridges and Gerard Manley Hopkins, I cannot see that I have in any way misrepresented Professor Evans' assessment. One of the objects of his book, as I understood it, was to trace the influence of the poets under consideration; how, then, does he explain his avowed assessment of Hopkins as the "smaller" poet?']

Matabele Melodies

You would be doing a notable, if possibly unorthodox, service to the Empire, if your conscience permitted you to draw attention to a series of records of Folk Melodies by the Hope Fountain Native Girls' Choir, which have just been published under the ægis of H.M.V. The making of these Secwana and Sindebele records commercially is in practice the only method by which this music can be preserved from the onrush of civilisation. Jazz and Revivalist catch-tunes are wreaking their fell work only too swiftly. I must not in this enlightened age conceal the fact that one of the airs now recorded (but not yet published) is that formerly sung to their King by the young regiments demanding to be sent out to war, but it is at least of interest to note that it was only possible to save this from oblivion by searching out an old man, who remembered it from no less than fifty years ago; and, as each patriarch dies, some fragment of the past is lost to us for ever. Many of these six records have a charm that must be heard to be believed; and I can at least guarantee that those who hear them will avoid the facile error of gumming the museum label of 'aborigines' upon the native people of Southern Rhodesia, whose graces are to many of us the attributes of Lalage, *dulce ridentem . . . dulce loquentem*.

Elangeni, Bulawayo

ROBERT DRAGE

Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution

May I be allowed through your columns to express on behalf of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution our most grateful appreciation of the very generous response made by the public to Mr. Cedric Hardwicke's recent broadcast appeal for the Institution, and in particular to thank the donor who contributed anonymously £750 for the foundation of a further pension?

EVELYN SHAW,

Hon. Treasurer

8 Waterloo Place, S.W.1

This Week's Crossword

177—'Double Thread', by Doggerel

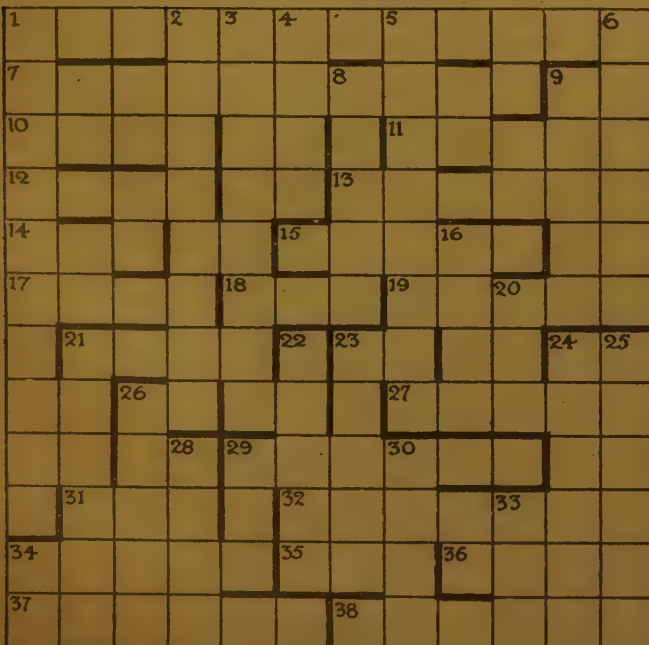
Prize: *Ellen Terry's Memoirs* (Gollancz, 6s.). Closing date: First post on Tuesday, August 8.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Enthusiastic friend may be,
In a word it may be rapturously.
7. This really only is support,
And not a cover, vivid sort.
10. A well-known line may here be seen,
Sounds like a French and English Queen.
11. An animal from Mexico,
But not to tin, if you think so.
12. If wealth's its homonym to you,
You never will be this, 'tis true.
13. If you're in doubt, you'd best not risk it,
It is assault and not a biscuit.
14. Add on asus and this has wings,
From it no inspiration springs.
15. Accountant, who its hint obeys,
In bills is charging in two ways.
17. In song its top held baby's bed, it
Was one and two when baby said it.
18. See 8.
19. A sea-fish to the perch allied,
No word for master need be tried.
21. 31. Maker of furniture, but diet
May help to find his name, so try it.
27. Home of a pigeon, might be twisted
To that on which a Twist insisted.
29. Appliance, makes the water run,
Not sign of love or grief and fun.
32. If animals played, then I suppose
At animal grab 't would never lose.
34. Just change one letter, and you'll see
That you can make a fool of me.
35. The second half of part unpaid,
In certain cases follows blade.
36. Most highwaymen proceeded so,
Don't take the high nor yet the low.
37. In anagram a little bird,
But as it stands for lift a word.
38. His store of lore was passing large,
(Quotation) . . . worthy of his charge.

DOWN

1. Descriptive of a shape is this,
And not a lightly brushing kiss.
2. A disinfectant now is found,
Head-dress in front has been turned round.
3. Not greeting little Catherine,
But just a function to assign.
4. This follows 'beaming sunnie Raies'
In poem, golden was, it says.
5. Form of amusement, so might Squeers
Have dealt with the rise in taxi fares.
6. A scold who lives beside the Tay,
Could she have hailed from U.S.A.?
8. Not 18 carried to a height,
Anag. Unfit to bear the light.
9. Of his work his Merry Tales the pick,
To his last this cobbler did not stick.
16. A way with xy underneath,
Suggests beginning of a wreath.
20. One's saws were wise, one full of fun,
Name for a Liverpudlian.
21. A heavenly thing, but if 't should meet yer,
You would be left without a feature.
22. A kind of knife you're asked to give,
Or a peculiar sort of drive.
23. Of course you know it means the start, Oh,
Do not confuse it with Esparto.
24. A deep-sea denizen is here,
Is someone coaxing Dorothea?
25. Bloodthirsty persecution hot on,
To witchcraft he could never cotton.
26. Once Hemeroscopion 'twas named,
Is now for raisin export famed.
28. Too big for prince too small for land,
The land was his, you'll understand.



29. See 20.
30. In dictionary if 'tis not there,
Search still undaunted everywhere.
33. A rummy clue the sailors drink,
Or of a little infant think.

(Next week: 'Cross-number VII', by Afrit)

Report on Crossword No. 175

An easy crossword which calls for little comment. The centre square of the diagram had inadvertently been left unshaded, but as no clues were involved this did not cause any heart-burning. In 13 down there was an ingenious misprint, where 'Aix' crept in as a substitute for 'Arx', but as the allusion was to 'scatens fontibus' we can almost accept the emendation.

Prizewinners: O. D. Barker (Aldeburgh); W. A. Baxter (Edinburgh); L. Dale (Oxford); S. Dannreuther (Slough); E. I. Denoon (Arisaig); H. H. Edwards (Llanelli); J. R. Edwards (Wrexham); S. E. Evans (Doncaster); L. E. Eyres (York); W. B. Fagg (Norwood); A. G. Grundy (Repton); W. S. Hett (Brighton); Miss M. H. C. Hugo (Oxford); J. R. Hunecke (Hull); C. M. Jenkins (Bootham); W. C. Jesper (Haxby); H. D. Jones (London); L. A. Jones (Tonbridge); E. C. Kennedy (Malvern); M. Levy (Hackney); Mrs. F. G. Maunsell (Southampton); M. Mayall (Cheadle Hulme); R. G. McCallum (Glasgow); J. Meek (London); G. B. Milligan (Mill Hill); J. Morrison (Whetstone); S. F. Moscrop (Wallasey); G. B. Newport (Halifax); H. Pickles (Doncaster); R. W. Purnell (Bristol); D. W. Pye (Llandover); N. C. Sainsbury (Cambridge); A. P. G. Smith (Hull); C. A. Stott (Elstree); H. Tredennick (Sheffield); E. F. Watling (Sheffield); G. W. White (Warrington); and W. C. Wilson (London).

NOTES

Across. 18. Verg. Ecl. 7-47; 36. Tac. A. 6-33.
Down. 3. Lucr. 1-51; 5. (Er)-osio; 9. (A)gilis; 11. Adsum, still prevalent in some schools as a method of answering call-over.

World Economic Conference

(Continued from page 150)

beold, the minds we bring to bear upon these problems—the problems really of a new world—must be flexible and young.

At the moment it seems to me that we can limit production by the bankruptcy of the producer, or by reason; and I confess I prefer to try the latter. Therefore, one of the most interesting and difficult of the questions which various committees of the Conference are considering is whether it is possible—and if so, to get the wheat-producing countries like the United States, Canada, the Argentine, and Australia, to come to an agreement upon the volume of the production which they are to market, and, as a consequence, to come also to an agreement with the wheat-consuming countries regarding the marketing arrangements that they are making. Representatives of countries producing other supplies in great bulk are engaged in similar considerations. The task they have in front of them is enormously complicated, and agreement, if they could devise it, would be one of the greatest landmarks in the evolution of rational control of commodities.

What you and I have to assume is, that as the world gets smaller and man's power gets more and more gigantic as he harnesses natural forces to his service, uncontrolled freedom in these things and un-co-ordinated individualism mean death, not life; misery, not comfort. The workers of all nations will find themselves involved in general ruin, and civilisation itself will revert to barbarism and men will be crushed down by their own power which they cannot control.

These are some of the big subjects now under active review. I just mention them in order that you may have a general idea of what the Conference is, and the work that is set before it. Now, have any of you attended a town council, a national assembly of a church, a co-operative or trade union congress? If you have, consider the comparative simplicity of your work, the general and undetailed nature of the resolutions which take so long to draft and which are passed with so many flaws and unconsidered consequence. Remember the time it takes you to get such simple work done, and then try to understand the work which is being carried on in the busy hive in South Kensington, where the Prime Ministers, and the Foreign Ministers, and the Ministers of Commerce and Finance know that a slip—an unconsidered consequence; a shoddy decision—will produce results for which they will blame themselves for many a year, and for which their nations will suffer.

You, at your fireside, will be sure to think that we, at the committee tables, are slow; I cannot blame you. I am impatient myself, but—well, well! Take our responsibility upon yourselves. The Conference adjourns, but does not end. We go on holidays, which means nothing more than that the work done hitherto in South Kensington is pursued in another air and in other rooms; and we shall return to the committee rooms and the assembly halls in due time, and there, I believe, will devise agreements which will help the world to put behind it these last years of depression, of starved trade, and of economic movements which have made men and women very poor.

*The Listener's Music**Composers at Work—I*

THE process of musical composition is a subject of continual interest and mystification to the layman. He is less puzzled by the creative side of literature and painting: both deal with facts, or with fancies that have a connection (remote, maybe, but traceable) with facts. The author employs a medium that is in common daily use; the painter, materials that are far less mysterious than language. But music is the one art that is at its best only when it is non-representational: at its most expressive it says what cannot be said in words; and the signs by which it is shown on paper are peculiar to itself. No wonder its genesis is apt to strike the non-musician as being far more mysterious than it actually is.

A frequently quoted remark of Elgar's has lately revived the question of musical inspiration: 'The air is full of music; I just reach out and help myself'.

This remark should be read, however, side by side with others quoted by Mr. Basil Maine in his recently published life of the composer. Thus, Elgar once said to Mr. Maine:

'I take no credit for the inspiration that people may discover in my music. I can't tell you how it all comes to me. Of course I could write out a piece of music here and now as you would write a letter, mechanically, that is to say. But before the real stuff will come, I must be quiet and apart'.

Again, after a discussion of some details of the first Symphony:

'All this is beside the point because I *feel* and don't invent. I can't even invent an explanation'.

And as recently as last year he said to Mr. Maine apropos of the rumour (which has happily proved to be well founded) that a third Symphony was on the way: 'Things take shape without my knowing it. I am only the lead pencil and can't foresee'.

Mr. Maine's comment on this is: 'Some may see in that statement a rebuke to busy curiosity, while others may find there a basis for future speculation'. The first of these two explanations is most probable; and, with due respect, one may hint that with the rebuke to the curious is blended a touch of the artist's natural reluctance to dissipate the glamorous haze with which a considerable section of the public still likes to surround a creative genius.

Mr. Maine discusses this topic several times, on one occasion quoting the well-known letter in which Mozart attempts to explain the origin of his music:

'When I am as it were completely myself, entirely alone and of good cheer . . . it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. Whence and how they come, I have no idea. I cannot force them to come'.

This squares with Elgar's remark as to the necessity for being 'quiet and apart'. Beethoven was usually apart, but managed less often to be quiet: he was given to storming his way across country, with waving arms and uncouth sounds. (Even cattle fled from him on occasion!) There is, perhaps, significance in the fact that some living composers find noise and the busy haunts of men congenial to invention. Is it Constant Lambert who has told us of the stimulus derived from rooms in a crowded part of London with an electric drill at work outside?

Bach may have secured quiet, but solitude less often: so numerous a parent (as the schoolboy essayist happily called him) must have become inured to working in a crowd.

A few years ago Messrs. Chester published a symposium on inspiration, the result of a questionnaire sent by Mr. Frank Howes to a number of composers, British and foreign. I have mislaid my copy, but I recall the bewildering variety of 'explanations', many of which seemed to be more than a trifle self-conscious and unconvincing. This was natural, for it is a common experience that many a thing done spontaneously and subconsciously has a way of becoming complicated on analysis; and there is a natural tendency for the self-analyst to develop the picturesque side. (Elgar, by the way, declined to contribute to the symposium.)

One of the replies was from a foreign composer who stated that he found a stiff and pore-opening bicycle-ride helpful. As I shall show presently, this is merely an extreme instance of the usual experience that some degree of physical exertion

aids mental activity; and from the striding Beethoven to the cycling modern is only a step.

Elgar's description of himself as 'a mere lead pencil' may serve so far as ideas are concerned; but surely their development is largely a matter of brainwork and skill. Mozart hints at this when, after describing his reception of ideas, he goes on: 'It very soon becomes clear to me how I may use this or that idea, so as to develop it to the best advantage; that is, in accord with the peculiarities of the various instruments, etc.' But such processes as development and orchestration are so much the result of study and experience that we may with little exaggeration describe the greater part of the composition of a long work as purely cerebral. Hence the oft-quoted and not unreasonable remark as to composition being one part inspiration and three parts perspiration. (I am hazy as to the exact proportions, but they don't affect the principle.) Mozart was, perhaps, the most naturally gifted of all the great composers, and if even he attaches so much importance to the more or less deliberate part of composition, we may be allowed some caution in regard to the 'unconscious medium' theory.

The adjective serves as a reminder of a book written by Mr. Newman during the Beethoven Centenary year, entitled *The Unconscious Beethoven*, in which was developed the theory that the composer was 'an instrument used by the spirit of music to realise itself through, rather than a normal being who, during certain intervals in his bodily existence, wrote music'. The book was, of course, a brilliant piece of argument, and if the results were provocative and entertaining rather than convincing, it was for the reason that of all the great composers Beethoven seems to have depended most on the workshop for the construction and shaping of his work. Even the ideas themselves were subjected to an amount of alteration that would be incredible had we not the evidence of the *Sketchbooks*. No other composer has left any considerable amount of documentary proof of the laborious side of composition—probably because of a reluctance to let the world see from what insignificant beginnings some masterpieces have been evolved, and also no doubt from a desire to retain the awe of the lay mind towards the creative artist. Probably Beethoven never intended those laborious sketches to be seen. But his habit of working on a number of compositions side by side over a long period involved a degree of permanency in his drafts that no other composer has found necessary. Moreover, the constitutional slowness of thought that showed itself in everyday matters (readers will remember his difficulties with such elementary things as simple arithmetic and spelling) had some counterpart in the musical part of his make-up. Certainly he could never have said as Mozart said: 'If I am not interrupted, my conception develops itself and becomes organised and clearly defined. . . . This process of imagining and evolving takes place in a delightfully vivid dream. . . . What has been imagined and developed in this way I do not easily forget'. This does not mean literally that development was dreamlike in the sense of being subconscious, but that Mozart did mentally much of the work that most composers do on paper. Hence his other remark as to seeing a composition whole from the start—whole in most of its details, that is. Beethoven no doubt saw his movements whole, but in the rough; hence the reasonableness of Mr. Newman's theory that 'he began with the whole and worked back to the particular'.

I mentioned above the connection between physical and mental activity. It is a common experience with most of us that a hold-up in writing may be got over by a few minutes walk. Even such trifling exertions as a turn round the room, the filling and lighting of a pipe, may restart the flow of ideas. Here space runs short, so I postpone till my next article a discussion of various methods of stimulating creation. I hope also to touch on Beethoven's *Sketchbooks*.

HARVEY GRACE

Readers will be glad to know that the talks on 'God and the World Through Christian Eyes' are to be published in two volumes at popular prices by the Student Christian Movement Press. The first volume will probably appear early in September.

The Enjoyment of Modern Poetry

I—Some Difficulties

By HUGH SYKES DAVIES

'Difficult', 'ugly', 'obscure'—these are comments frequently heard on modern poetry such as we publish each week. In the belief that, to the reader who is prepared to give modern poetry serious and sympathetic attention, such difficulties in the way of his understanding are removable, we have asked Mr. Hugh Sykes Davies, a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, to contribute a series of articles which will aim at removing common prejudices and extending enjoyment

THE purpose of these articles is to help people who have tried to read modern poetry, and have failed to enjoy it. We shall assume that they have read poetry other than modern with pleasure, and that they are therefore not fundamentally insensible to poetry altogether. Indeed, it would be useless to try to read modern poetry without some knowledge of at least English poetry as a whole, however sensitive one might be, for this happens to be a time when poets, although at first sight they might seem to have cut loose from all traditions, are actually very much aware of the poetic past, and some knowledge of this past is often essential to an appreciation of their work. And many things which at first appear to be arbitrary, intended to tease, if related to the past are seen to be coherent developments of tendencies which no one would condemn, in their earlier phases. It will be part of our business, then, to show the way in which modern poetry carries on the tradition of poetry not modern.

But before we do this, some excuse is needed for bothering anyone to read poetry which they have not enjoyed, for asking them to give it another trial. In the first place, contemporary art has always a peculiar quality of its own not to be found in the art of other periods. This is true not only of our own time, but of all times. Most people who read poetry have tried to imagine the sheer thrill which the reader of the eighteenth century must have received on the first appearance of, say, the 'Rape of the Lock', or the 'Dunciad', and have tried to recapture some part of it by an effort of historical reconstruction. But, however well the historical reconstruction is made, that particular thrill can only be experienced properly from poetry written in our own time—from poetry whose date of publication we anticipate with eagerness, and which we purchase and read as soon as it can be obtained. And after all, this is very much what one would expect. The modern poet is living in our own world, deals with problems like our own, in something like our own way, and so there is, or should be, a freshness and an intimacy in our contact with his poetry which is not to be found anywhere else.

'Playing at Poetry' Needs Some Preparation

Even so, there might be good reason for not reading his poetry if it were exceptionally inaccessible, and if it required a more than usual amount of time and effort to appreciate it. But that is not the case. The difficulty which so many people complain of in modern poetry is not so much due to any qualities in the poetry itself, as to certain misunderstandings which could be quite easily removed if people were prepared to take a little trouble over them. On the whole, readers are too ready to suppose that it is the poet's fault if they do not enjoy his work immediately and easily. They say—rightly—that poetry is a form of recreation, and that they do not see why they should be expected to do any preparatory 'work' before they can enjoy it. But after all, in almost every other form of recreation, they are willing to undertake a great deal of preparatory work. They will spend willingly their time and money in learning to drive a car, to play golf or tennis, and the amount of very stiff reading achieved by the enthusiast bridge-player is enough to obtain him or her a decent degree at any University. It is surely reasonable to ask that those who play at poetry should be willing to exercise as much preliminary

industry on their game as is allowed to be necessary in all other games. Nor is there any reason why this preliminary industry should be unpleasant. In itself, literary criticism is a most interesting subject, and long after it has ceased to be absolutely necessary—after, that is to say, one has learned by means of it to enjoy certain poems—it continues to be interesting as a subject in itself. Just as the bridge-player, even when he has learnt all that can be learnt from the books, will continue to read them with the added interest of an expert judging the theories of other experts.

A Fair Understanding Between Poet and Reader

Now this form of recreation, like most others, involves at least two people, the poet and the reader, and the game can only be conducted properly if there is a fair understanding between them as to what they are about. If the reader expects the poet to do things which the poet does not want to do, or—worse still—if the reader accuses the poet of being unable to do certain things which the poet is not even trying to do, then the game will go badly; similarly if the poet expects the reader to make an unreasonably great effort of any kind. But on the whole, it is allowed that the poet may dictate the rules, he 'creates a public for himself', and his 'public' is a body of people who are willing to play according to his particular rules. Wordsworth, in an essay devoted to exactly the same object as these articles, the explanation of the principles of modern poetry, has expressed this with his usual clarity and force: 'If there be one conclusion more forcibly pressed upon us than another by the review which has been given of the fortunes and fate of poetical works, it is this—that every author, as far as he is great and at the same time *original*, has had the task of *creating* the taste by which he is to be enjoyed: so has it been, so will it continue to be'*.

Wordsworth and Modern Poetry

Incidentally, an attentive perusal of this Essay, and the Preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, will take the modern reader further towards an understanding of modern poetry than anything else in critical literature. For it must be remembered that, in its own day, Wordsworth's poetry was itself 'modern' and was received by the contemporary reviewers and readers quite as unfavourably as any of the productions of our own moderns. And he was concerned primarily to explain his own type of poetry to an audience who found it difficult and unpleasing. But in so doing, he laid down the fundamental principles of any and every future poetic revolution—of any poetry written consciously in reaction against the prevailing fashion. We shall refer constantly to these two essays, not only for these principles, but also to show that there are very striking resemblances between the modern movement and the movement headed by Wordsworth and Coleridge. For it is important that we should understand not merely this poetic revolution, but poetic revolutions in general. Only by doing this can we hope to estimate correctly the significance of the present movement. And if it should seem a sort of blasphemy to compare with Wordsworth any of our modern poets, it must be remembered that in his own day it would have seemed worse than blasphemy to compare Wordsworth with any of the accepted great, such as Dryden and Pope. Indeed, the general run of readers were, at the time, quite as unable to imagine Wordsworth's later reputa-

*Essay, Supplementary to the Preface. Oxford edition of Wordsworth, page 944

tion, as many of my present readers must be to imagine that any modern poet will have a place in the line of the great English poets. But true recognition did not come to Wordsworth's poetry until thirty years after his death, and eighty years after his best work was done. As he himself pointed out, in the second Essay, a study of literary history is enough to make us very cautious in condemning any poet—and equally in praising him.

But to return to our argument: although most of us would admit the justice of Wordsworth's claim that the poet should be allowed to dictate his own rules to his own public, yet it is necessary to lay down the condition that these rules shall be reasonable, that they shall not make excessive demands on the reader in the way of readjustment of his ideas, nor spoil the game in any other way. This, too, is well expressed by Wordsworth: 'It is supposed, that by the act of writing in verse an author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded.*'

What are these 'known habits of association'? They are the conditions which the reader expects the poet to fulfil—they are what he expects the poetry to be—they are, in fact, his own theory of what poetry is. And according to him, writing which does not fulfil these conditions is not poetry.

The Prejudices of the 'Average Reader'—

Now the average reader does not usually concern himself very much with general æsthetic theories, and would probably be very much surprised to learn that he has a 'theory of poetry', for he is certainly not aware that he has one. He considers himself to be entirely free from prejudices, and professes to be willing to accept anything which will give him pleasure. Yet, as long as he has any notions at all about what poetry should be, he must be considered to have a theory of poetry. For example, he may hold that poetry should be punctuated, and so refuse to consider seriously any piece of verse which is unpunctuated. And he has every right to do so, as long as he admits that he has a theory about the punctuation, and is prepared to justify it as one would justify any theory, either in this branch of human activity or in any other. But as long as he refuses to admit that he has a theory at all, if he says, for example, that it 'is just common-sense', then without insulting common-sense, which is as necessary in reading poetry as in everything else, we may charge him with prejudice. For prejudices are theories which we refuse to admit as theories, and so evade both the possibility of any theoretical attack and the necessity of defence when once attacked.

Prejudices no more deserve to be insulted than common-sense (of which they are the raw material), and certainly I have no wish to question their importance. Indeed, if we were to take a man and denude him of all his prejudices, we should probably find that, as in unwinding the elastic of golf-balls, there was nothing in the middle. Our mental life is composed almost entirely of prejudices, and if we free ourselves from some of them, we can only do it by acquiring some more. Nor, of course, do we ask that they should be 'true', verifiable by some objective standard. But we may legitimately ask that they should be useful to their owner, and if they are not useful to him, we may try to persuade him into more useful ones.

—Are Apt to Limit his Enjoyment

Let us take a simple example. I have often heard complaints that modern poetry does not rhyme or scan, obviously based on the notion that poetry ought to rhyme and scan. Is this a useful prejudice? I should say not, and for a very simple, almost mathematical, reason. A man with this prejudice can enjoy 'ancient' poetry (most of which, but not all, rhymes and scans), but he cannot enjoy modern poetry, whereas a man without this prejudice can enjoy both ancient and modern poetry, other things being equal, for there is no reason to suppose that he enjoys rhyming and scanning less because he does not consider them indispensable. Indeed, he should be the more grateful for that reason, as they are a sort of bonus, gratis, to his other pleasures. So we may claim that the presence of this particular prejudice curtails, and its absence

increases, possibilities of enjoyment; and we may reasonably try to get rid of it. We shall do this by treating it not as a prejudice any longer, but as a theory. We shall ask, 'Why should poetry rhyme and scan?' and if we are answered, 'It always has done', we shall try to show that things need not always go on in the same way, and that there are perhaps other means of attaining the effects hitherto attained by rhyme and scansion. Notice, we shall not dismiss rhyme and scansion out of hand, for things do not persist as they have done for no reason. But we shall try to find the real reason for their use, and to show that other means, more suited to modern needs, may attain the same ultimate ends.

One further point. We are, I think, entitled to suspect that a man who sets such store by rhyme and scansion may be exaggerating their importance even in ancient poetry, and so neglecting other, perhaps more important, virtues. If this is so, liberation from his prejudice will enable him to enjoy his ancient poetry better. And in this way, as we shall see, not the least of the reasons for studying modern poetry is that it gives a new and fresh approach to poetry other than modern.

So this is what we are to do: to discover the various notions which prevent people from enjoying modern poetry, and to substitute a more useful theory of poetry—more useful because it enables us to enjoy more poetry, more kinds of poetry, than we did before. And we shall try to remove these prejudices by reducing them to the rank of theories, to be criticised and modified by argument and reason. In this way we shall deal further with the question of rhyme and scansion, with the complaints 'It is obscure, impossible to understand', 'It is not beautiful', and perhaps even do something to answer the problem, 'Why read poetry at all?' Finally, I must apologise because this introduction is so long, and contains hardly a word about modern poetry. In matters like this, as in painting railings or doors, before the real coat of paint is laid on, the old paint has to be scraped away, and an undercoat put on; and the effect of the last process will depend very much on the way in which the scraping and undercoating have been done.

Prelude

And there I saw the seed upon the mountain
but it was not a seed it was a star
but it was not a star it was a world
but it was not a world it was a god
but it was not a god it was a laughter

blood red within and lightning for its rind
the root came out like gold and it was anger
the root came out like fire and it was fury
the root came out like horn and it was purpose
but it was not a root it was a hand

destructive strong and eager full of blood
and broke the rocks and set them on each other
and broke the waters into shafts of light
and set them end to end and made them seas
and out of laughter wrung a grief of water

and thus beneath the web of mind I saw
under the west and east of web I saw
under the bloodshot spawn of stars I saw
under the water and the inarticulate laughter
the coiling down the coiling in the coiling

mean and intense and furious and secret
profound and evil and despatched in darkness
shot homeward foully in a filth of effort
clotted and quick and thick and without aim
spasm of concentration of the sea

and there I saw the seed upon the shore
but it was not a seed it was a man
but it was not a man it was a god
magnificent and humble in the morning
with angels poised upon his either hand.

CONRAD AIKEN

Books and Authors

The Church Speaks Out

Christianity and the Crisis. Edited by Percy Dearmer. Gollancz. 5s.

IN A WORLD SO DISORDERED AS THE PRESENT we look in all directions for practical guidance. Even people who ordinarily take little account of religion are disposed to wonder whether any light may come from that quarter. *Christianity and the Crisis* is an unofficial but powerful corrective of the notion that the Church has nothing useful to say. It contains more than thirty essays, dealing first with the present chaos in both thought and action, then with the essentials of Christianity as modern men understand it in principle and practice, and finally with the Christian way out of the perplexities which beset us in social, economic and international affairs. It is written by people who are men and women of the world as well as of moral and spiritual conviction. The last criticism that could be made of the writers is that they evade facts or live in a fool's paradise of ideals and theories to which they cannot conceive any alternative. Indeed one of the most valuable parts of the book is that devoted to consideration of the honest question, 'Is there an alternative?'

The first step towards putting things right is to see clearly what is wrong. The Bishop of Ripon takes us back to the distortion of moral perspective during the War years, but does not follow the easy fashion of ascribing all existent evils to that. He reminds us that in the Christian view 'economic prosperity is a bye-product of right human relations', and goes on to affirm that 'the power of modern Communism lies in the failure of political and economic systems which have claimed to be Christian and are not, and which the Christian Churches have not clearly enough condemned'. Communism, he says, 'is winning converts not because of its economics, but because of its missionary enthusiasm, resourcefulness and courage'. Other writers make a similarly frank analysis of the confusion that prevails in the realms of the intellect and of morals, in literature no less than in finance, industry and diplomacy.

Dr. Herbert Gray sets out with definiteness and force the

positive demands of belief in the kingdom of God—with regard to race, for example, or the use of money, or the marriage relationship. 'Jesus did not merely reveal to individuals the terms on which they might one by one find their true life, but called on them to create a new society based on the truths which He revealed'. This may mean revolution, but it will also call for patience. As the Chancellor of Liverpool writes, 'The Christian view of man inevitably issues in a social ideal whose influence must either wither or else slowly penetrate existing groups and unite them in closer harmony'. Generalisations, however, are not enough, and the writers come to grips with concrete issues such as the basis of exchange, a topic upon which Dr. Hewlett Johnson expresses with admirable clarity the certainty that what was known centuries ago as 'The Just Price' is basic to economic stability, though whether, as he suggests, the doctrines of Major Douglas lead to it, is another matter. A particularly courageous and sensible article is the one in which Sir Charles Grant Robertson sets forth the true relationship between religion and education, but it is vain to attempt to single out contributions of special interest and worth when all are on so high a level. Civic and industrial reform, labour and leisure, the rebirth of the village, and other matters of immediate importance are discussed with the same incisiveness as the League of Nations or disarmament. Of the latter the Archbishop of Canterbury says: 'We cannot shut our eyes to the immense difficulties which stand in the way. These difficulties call not only for the patient efforts of statesmen meeting in conference, but even more for the powers which are latent in the public opinion of the peoples themselves'.

This is more than a book full of good things. Its significance is that it opens out broad lines of thought and action which are likely to appeal to all thoughtful people, and which make clear the relevance of Christianity to the most pressing needs of our time.

B. A. YEAXLEE

Weary of Our Age

Canons of Giant Art: Twenty Torsos in Heroic Landscapes. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Faber. 7s. 6d.

ALL OF THESE POEMS are suggested by works of art or legends. For example, the subject of the first poem is the Farnese Hercules, which is a statue in the museum at Naples (I learn from Mr. Sitwell's notes). The subject of the sixteenth poem is the battle of the Centaurs. By reading the poems and also the notes one is impressed by Mr. Sitwell's knowledge, and love, of art, and also by his love of the Italian landscape. The method of most of the poems is that Mr. Sitwell contemplates his fixed subject, and then allows his fancy to wander, imagining for instance the youth who was the model for the Hermes of Praxiteles, in the same way as a crystal-gazer fixes his attention closely on the crystal and so sees a whole dreamland.

This is the third Hermes, two removes from life,
At first there is the god and then the model for his image
Three deaths, two of stone, and one of clay, we find
And only know this cold shape, the mockery of life.

This method has its dangers, and has resulted in a book of meanderings, like a huge line of tapestry. In spite of the fact that Mr. Sitwell on the one hand vivifies his statues, and, on the other, embroiders his landscapes, too often one feels merely that one is reading about something of which one knows nothing. There is not the compulsion which we find in Lawrence's free verse which makes us see immediately a landscape which is quite unknown to us. Nor can Mr. Sitwell make us hold and feel his statues, as Rilke does when he writes of the torso of an archaic Apollo: 'We have never known his fabulous head in which the eyeballs ripened. But his torso still glows like a candelabra in which the glance, only forced back, stays and is bright'. There is nothing to compare with Rilke's sonnet in all Mr. Sitwell's pages of statuary.

Mr. Sitwell is a skilful and facile technician and his way of thinking is certainly æsthetic. Lines such as:

She was like the wind
That blows out of nowhere and is never seen,
That has no wings, but they are wet with rain,
And all we know is wetness of her feathers,

are real flashes of poetry: although even here we may feel that the conceit, although poetic, is without the compulsion of great poetry.

The sense of the poems is often dulled by the excess of adjectives. Here is a typical passage:

The spectres and their masters moved, and they were horse
and man

On the hot, naked shore among the waves' white flanges
Deep in some pompous mystery, some settled purpose,
While they flickered like a statue's shadow caught between
two worlds,
Belonging neither to the sea nor earth,
For they moved on knife edges of the light's sharp lines
Where sea and the salt shore, stained and pale,
Divided, fought for them.

In this passage, the visual image is exceedingly difficult to follow, even if one reads the lines, omitting the adjectives (a statue's shadow caught between two worlds and belonging neither to the sea nor earth is very vague to me: supposedly, sea and earth are the two worlds). The qualifying adjectives serve further to fog the imagery and to retard the development of the meaning.

When Mr. Sitwell writes in stricter verse, his metres tend to become repetitive. He has a bad habit of dividing his lines so that they fall into a sing-song. For example:

We must bless the snow for all its cooling shades;
For clouds and their shadows, born and gendered there,
As Venus from foam, these snowy clouds from snow;
For green-lit branches, born of rain of it;
For water in the rocks, for headlong music there; &c. &c. &c.

His free verse, on the other hand, suffers from the formlessness and whimsicality of the subject matter. As one reads these lines one has an uneasy feeling that the mazes of the writer's fantasy are endless and that the poem is never going to stop.

Apparently Mr. Sitwell chooses Capri and writes free verse about past works of art because he is

Thirsty for poetry, and weary of our age
That is uncreating, that's but noise and speed.

He may well be right, but the danger of refusing to accept one's age is that one cannot perceive the reality of any other age either, and one is compelled to wander down 'myrtle alleys' inhabited only by poets like Leigh Hunt. In these poems Mr. Sitwell invokes statues, landscapes, paintings, religious legends, architecture, fugues, and every art-form of the past, yet he somehow fails to convince us that these things are essential and living to him. We merely feel that he is cultured and superior. We do not feel, as we may when we read Ezra Pound's Mauberly, that we are witnessing the tragic destruction of all that was most valuable and beautiful in our civilisation.

STEPHEN SPENDER

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Celtic Peoples and Renaissance Europe

By David Mathew. Sheed and Ward. 18s.

IT IS ONLY within comparatively recent years that historians have begun to cut loose from the appeal of the *fait accompli*, the allure of allegiance to the big battalions. The winning side, in the larger issues, has monopolised their attention, and the submerged forces have lacked apologists. The Renaissance, for instance, and the New Europe have received ample consideration. It is time to pay some heed to the older cultures that they displaced. Fr. Mathew's book is a sympathetic examination of the Celtic cultures that, surviving on the fringes of Elizabeth's domains, sank gradually into oblivion during the course of her long reign. The relation between the Celtic peoples of Wales, Scotland and Ireland, with their pre-medieval social systems, and the new statecraft of the self-conscious Tudor state, is, of course, complicated as all political questions of that age were complicated, by the wider aspect of the religious struggle in the Europe of the Counter-Reformation. Thus it is that the Spanish Monarchy plays an important part in the history of the Welsh squires, the Scottish lords and the Irish chiefs; and to the contrasts between the Elizabethan statesmen (forerunners of the professional politician) and the outlandish chieftains whom they regarded as savages are added those, even more piquant, between, for instance, Don Alonso de Leyva, Lieutenant-General of the Armada, and his host, Brian na Murtha O'Rourke. Fr. Mathew particularly excels at the development of such contrasts, and the significance that they contain. His extraordinarily detailed knowledge of even the minor personalities of the time is all the more valuable in the discussion of an age when, though the great drifts of change settled where they would, the rate of change depended so largely upon the personalities which they encountered in their way. His book ranges over the whole history of the Celtic countries in touch with the Elizabethan Crown, including, necessarily, the reactions of the Catholic exiles upon the course of events in Spain, in the Netherlands and in London itself. He considers, amongst other matters, how it was that the old Church so readily surrendered in Wales; why Lancashire kept to its religion when other parts of England, to all appearance equally attached to the Catholic faith, so easily accepted the Elizabethan settlement; how Perrot's failure in Ireland foreshadowed the very different fate of Essex; why the Spanish project in Scotland collapsed, and how the Scots of the Out Isles, lacking a leader, found themselves hurled suddenly from the old order of profitable tribal warfare into the slow, cautious, official framework of the modern State. The book contains many passages that show a really brilliant insight into the complexities of that changing world; notably the accounts of the meeting of Essex, the *Italianate magnifico*, with Hugh O'Neill, and the almost hilariously ironic career of Sir Thomas Stukeley, adventurer, in Spain, in Rome, in Naples and with Don John of Austria, ending in his unfortunate death, whilst fighting, at the involuntary expense of the Papacy, with the young King of Portugal against the Moors.

Sophie in London—1786. Translated from the

German by Clare Williams. Cape. 10s. 6d.

Sophie von la Roche (née von Gutermann), born in Swabia in 1730, and transplanted to Augsburg, was, as her husband described her, 'lovely of stature, noble of birth and breeding, outstanding both in science and in virtue, best of spouses and mothers, yet with a manly intellect and modesty'. She grew up a bluestocking typical of the late eighteenth century, and became celebrated as the first woman to write a novel in Germany—a psychological novel of the Richardson school. But for us her chief title to attention is her admiration for England, an admiration which fell little short of adulation. When she had reached the 'fifties, married off her daughters and fledged her sons, she indulged in three years of continental travel, culminating in a visit to England in 1786, which lasted from August till October. For these precious three months she kept a diary, and into them she crammed an amazing amount of sight-seeing and lion-hunting. It is surprising that this diary has had to wait for translation until now, for it is one of the freshest and most satisfying accounts of the life of that day we have seen. Sophie possessed an almost perfect talent for seeing the right sights—that is, the sights that you and I would choose to see if we were projected back again into the days of George III. One moment it is Wedgwood's pottery or Sir Ashton Lever's art treasures in Leicester Fields; the next it is Captain Cook's relics or the mad-house at Bedlam. Today she has lunch with Count Cagliostro and Lord George Gordon; tomorrow she visits the studios of Reynolds and Gainsborough; and the next day she watches a tea auction at East India House, or takes a stroll past the site on which the new Adelphi Buildings ('sixty houses with fine iron railings on the riverside') are rising. Everywhere she displays the same bright interest and makes the right sort of comments;

sometimes she gives us an unforgettable picture. Here is Oxford Street on the evening of September 11. 'Just imagine', she writes to her children, 'a street taking half an hour to cover from end to end, with double rows of brightly shining lamps, in the middle of which stands an equally long row of beautifully lacquered coaches, and on either side of these there is room for two coaches to pass one another; and the pavement, inlaid with flagstones, can stand six-people deep and allows one to gaze at the splendidly lit shop fronts in comfort. First one passes a watch-maker's, then a silk or fan store, now a silversmith's, a china or a glass shop. . . . Up to eleven o'clock there are as many people along this street as at Frankfurt during the fair'. The pages of Sophie's diary abound with vivid pictures such as this, and hours of pleasure await any reader with historical sense who dips into its pages. Professor G. M. Trevelyan, in his foreword, does it no more than justice in describing it as 'a valuable addition to the library of old travellers' tales which forms so attractive a part of modern reading'.

The Architecture of a New Era. By R. A. Duncan Denis Archer. 7s. 6d.

If a very busy architect writes a book on a subject on which, as he tells you himself, books appear almost daily, he must have something urgent to say. Others may be saying the same, but it needs saying again, and hammering in. It may be that the chief object of Mr. Duncan's book is destructive of present tenets, but, in his own words, 'it is to disclose the need for radical change, for so long as men believe that they can be served by their traditional conventions they will make no concerted efforts to alter either their mental attitude or mode of life; indeed they will offer a resistance either passive or active. To destroy a false sense of security and complacency is a legitimate and sufficient reason in itself'. The fact that the general argument of the book is destructive and that other writers have treated the same subject does not detract from its merit in the least, for this book stands out amongst others as more clearly reasoned and going deeper into fundamental causes than those of other architect-authors, and at the same time as the application of a mind in closer touch with the practical side of modern life than that of philosophers or art-critics writing on aesthetics. There is a chapter on economic factors which shows a very clear grip and exposition of existing conditions and their causes, while the first few and the last chapters reveal not only a familiarity with the philosophy of art, but a searching after a philosophy of life, a new *Weltanschauung*, without which we shall not be able to regain the unity and harmony so sadly missing at present. That such a philosophy is essential to the evolution of any style Mr. Duncan proves in his historical chapters. Good as they are, they might have been shortened considerably, for we may assume that readers of a book of this nature are familiar with the outline of architectural history and the evolution of the machine, and a mere sketch in order to carry on the argument would have sufficed. There are, in spite of Mr. Duncan's modest disclaimer, some very constructive ideas in the book, chief amongst them a demand for greater clarity and rationality in regard to the technical side of art, and for the research after and use of such laws as can be applied without mechanisation. His differentiation between the scientific and psychological side of art is very helpful. Modern psychology may even in time discover certain laws in the more imponderable elements of art and thus enable us to follow a purpose more consciously.

The book is attractively bound and printed. The illustrations are rather too small and serve more as reminders or as a concession to the book-buying public.

Money. By Francis W. Hirst. Scribners. 7s. 6d.

The world appears to be composed of two types of people: those who dwell in the past and those who dwell in the future. It is perhaps fortunate that the first exist to pull the coat-tails of the second, when reform is afoot. Lately, the men with minds on the future have been planning to cure the world's ills through issuing new money—paper currency and credits not backed by gold. They propose not only to flood the world with such paper until sufficient of it exists to buy up all the world's goods, but also to continue permanently controlling the issue of money without reference to gold. The supply of money would be regulated always according to the potential supply of all goods. And the aim would be to keep the money demand so closely adjusted to the supply of goods that trade would prosper continuously.

Mr. Hirst is a historian who writes this book as a warning. Tracing the development of the use of money from its earliest recorded beginnings in China, Lydia, Greece and Rome, he leads through many fascinating illustrations to the more fully documented period of the colonisation of America in which the native 'wampum' was used for many years until superseded by

the scarcely superior inconvertible notes of the colonial States. The history of these State currencies is one of unending catastrophe. Yet it is a mild record compared with that of the post-War currency inflation in Europe, to which this history leads as its climax, and which forms the author's main text when he urges men to beware of the poison of paper currency. At first reading one is reminded of the historian who condemned the medical practice of putting arsenic in tonics and the dental practice of soothing toothache with arsenic compounds, by recording tragedies due to the use of this poison. One is amazed that in these three hundred pages there is such slight recognition that currency control can be either abused or used. Substantially every instance quoted is one of deliberate abuse: the Government concerned, not having the courage or capacity to tax its subjects, turns on the printing press. The disaster which ensues is then held forth as evidence in favour of denying all nations, however politically mature and fiscally developed, the right to operate a money system free from the trammels of gold. Nevertheless this history is valuable. The world is economically a unit. One nation, Great Britain, may perfect its monetary and banking system so that an inconvertible paper currency becomes not a menace but a means to freedom and prosperity. Yet if others strive to follow the example, as they certainly will, and lack either the technique or the political probity needed for success, their calamity will be great; and Britain will not escape the consequences. It is the necessity for viewing the world as an international whole that gives relevance to Mr. Hirst's tale of tragedy. As one-time editor of *The Economist*, he has a large store of knowledge from which to instruct his reader; and he does it most engagingly.

The form of currency which Mr. Hirst advocates for future use is the 'symmetrical' standard recommended by Professor Marshall towards the close of the last century. Under this system Central Banks would be required to exchange currency notes at a fixed rate for bullion blocks of gold and silver combined in the ratio of 1 to 20 by weight. Were all countries to hold reserves of metal blocks thus composed and exchange them at unvarying rates for their notes, permitting free export and import of the metals, the rates of exchange between all currencies would remain fixed. The virtue claimed for this standard is that the introduction of silver would lessen the danger of shortage of reserves. Mr. Hirst believes, further, that it would satisfy the vital test of being 'fool-proof and knave-proof'. But his analysis does not penetrate deep enough. The introduction of silver could not remove, but only defer, the risk of shortage. It could not affect the 'maldistribution' of reserves, which caused the collapse of the gold standard. It could not obviate the causes of maldistribution: international debts, tariff policies, political scares, stock market booms and price fluctuations. To be perfect a currency would have to be not merely fool-proof and knave-proof, but also war-proof and rumour-proof and free-enterprise-proof. A perfect currency cannot exist; but the nearest approach to it will be through an association of those countries in which the fundamental conditions are right—i.e., in which there is greatest immunity from speculation, revolution and panic, and, above all, where there is complete unanimity as regards price policy—an association for the purpose of adopting a convention under which all would co-operate in promoting the agreed price policy, and would fix their exchange rates with a central currency by holding funds of that currency for free exchange into their own. To link such a system to gold or silver would be to impede its free working and introduce an *ultimate* certain cause of breakdown. The world truly needs Mr. Hirst's warning against the risks of paper-currency inflation, but it should bear in mind equally the disasters of deflation following undue bondage to a metal.

Poems, 1912-1932. By Edward Shanks Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

Latest of the Georgian poets to be collected is Mr. Edward Shanks, whose *Poems, 1912-1932*, amount to the considerable bulk of over five hundred pages. The general poetry-reading public (whose acquaintance with the poets is largely conditioned by the choice of anthologists) is familiar with the merest handful of Mr. Shanks' poems; but for once, as this collected edition proves, the poet has been well served by the anthologist. Such well-known poems as 'Woman's Song', 'The Fountain in the Pine Forest', 'The Storm' and 'The Bitten Grass' are worth all Mr. Shanks' larger and less-known poems put together. In the present volume, in addition to the lyrics, there are three long narrative poems and two plays in verse, 'The Queen of China' and 'The Beggar's Ride'. They make pleasant reading, perfectly balanced, graceful in image and delicate in the telling, but they lack the bite and permanence of such lyrics as we have mentioned. For Mr. Shanks is at his best when confining a single passionate idea within the disciplinary limits of a lyric or a sonnet. In, for instance, the 'Woman's Song'—one of the few perfect poems of the period—the economy of words is altogether admirable; here is the complete craftsman at his best. The poem occurs in what may be called Mr. Shanks' 'middle period'—1922-1924—when

most of his best work was written: before, we have a too easy gracefulness rising at times to that intuitive perfection which even adolescence may achieve, and, after, there is little but a kind of reflected emotion and even (as in 'The Forest-Fountain Revisited') a sentimental looking back. Despite their many faults, the early poems gave ample evidence of a genuine poetic gift:

And the thunder, like a breaking stick,
Stumbles about the hills.

and

When we are gone, when we are gone,
And are what green things feed upon.

and

And so I lay and dreamed and dreamed,
And so the day wheeled on,
While all the birds with thoughts like mine
Were singing to the sun.

And this gift found its finest expression in the short volume called *The Shadowgraph*, a brief collection of lyrics of which love was the theme and the English Downs (Mr. Shanks has written some of the finest 'horse poems' in the language) the favourite setting. This fine flowering, however, was unhappily brief; and the section of hitherto uncollected poems ('1925-1932') with which the present collection ends give no hint of any second flowering. If it cannot be said, therefore, that Mr. Shanks' *Poems* brings to light many poems wrongly neglected by the anthologist, at least it may be said the volume makes pleasant reading and revives our respect for one of the most conscientious and practised craftsmen of his age.

Calvin. By R. N. Carew Hunt Centenary Press. 10s. 6d.

This biography is a scrupulously fair one if, as a number of people hold, Calvin was a great and, on the whole, good man. It is a highly unsatisfactory one if, as a number of other people hold, he was a moral and intellectual monster. The difficulty of the reader is that, while he is following Mr. Carew Hunt's calm and, on the whole, approving account of the events in Geneva, quite a different interpretation of them keeps spontaneously occurring to him, with the result that the character of the reformer takes on a most ambiguous complexion. That Calvin was a great man cannot be denied; that there was something monstrous in him, his actions, his words, his theological system and the reputation he enjoyed during his life, and has enjoyed since make almost certain. And in that he was unique among the great reformers. Nobody could maintain that Luther was a monster; nor was even Knox inhuman except when he was blinded by anger, as it must be admitted he very frequently was. Calvin's complete biographer should therefore take the monster into account at least; Mr. Carew Hunt has given us an accurate and somewhat academic record of the theologian, the moralist and the reformer.

Calvin was a man of powerful intellect and insatiable lust for power, skilful in policy, inveterate in his enmities, and incapable of ever conceiving himself to be in the wrong. He began by winning the hatred of the citizens of Geneva and the reformers in the other Swiss towns; he ended by imposing his will on almost all of them. He did this by being absolutely consistent and doing everything, whether great or trivial, that he considered necessary for his purposes. He had Servetus condemned and the Libertines exiled and executed; but he also suppressed singing, card-playing, theatre-going, dancing and the giving of dinner-parties, of all of which he disapproved. It was indeed in disapprobation that he was most consistent. Frequently asked by the city authorities whether he approved of this or that amusement or liberty, he invariably disapproved. But he disapproved also of things on which his opinion was not asked and seemed indeed to take pleasure in inventing new objects of disapprobation. Yet this did not prevent him from introducing the most scrupulous consistency into the regulation of his pleasures. Having decided that darts was a harmless pastime, he occasionally indulged in it along with his friends, though he was careful to observe a due moderation. His eyes were fixed relentlessly on 'the one thing needful', and it was no doubt only after long reflection that he came to the conclusion that darts would not seriously divert him from it.

The most curious thing in his character is this union of the great and the petty. He created a system of theology that moulded the character of men like Knox, Coligny, William the Silent and Cromwell, and changed the course of history; but he also held as inflexibly as some of our grandparents the quaint prejudices against singing, whistling and card-playing that used to plague the young. Both the grandiose system of salvation, and the nagging and back-biting, are to be found full-fledged in him. He was both the creator of Calvinism and the typical Calvinist. Little, unfortunately, is known of his private life, and this well-documented and excellently-arranged biography does not therefore throw much light on the essential riddle of his character. But he would make an admirable subject for a novelist with a theological turn.

Die Umbildung der preussischen Akademie der Künste

By Dr. HANS FRIEDRICH BLUNCK

Die Frage nach den wirklichen Werten der Kunstströmungen einer Zeit kann niemals von der Zeit selbst beantwortet werden; erst die Geschichte fällt den Richtspruch. Immer aber müssen Volk und Staat zu den Äusserungen des künstlerischen Schaffens Stellung nehmen, weil sie, in ihr Leben eingebettet, der Nachwelt Zeugnis vom geistigen Wirken einer Epoche geben. Dabei sind die Staaten, die sich nicht als Volk sondern als ordnende Form ansahen, oft und allzu leicht in bürokratische Fehlurteile verfallen. Selbst in der Hochblüte der Niederlande und der Lombardei sind es vorwiegend zwei Stände, Kaufleute und Gelehrtschaft gewesen, die Urteil bewiesen; der Staat folgte hinterdrein.

Man hat deshalb schon in klassischer Zeit wie auch später in Italien, in Preussen und in Frankreich versucht, aus der Künstlerschaft eine kleine Schicht der besten Namen und Köpfe zusammenzustellen, die Staat und Bürgerschaft beraten und zwischen ihnen vermitteln soll. Dass es dabei den Künstlern selbst wohlthat, aus dem Jahrmarkt der Anpreisungen herausgehoben zu werden und sich in einer Gruppe wertvoller Namen gebunden zu wissen, war ihnen wichtig, war aber geschichtlich nur eine Beigabe.

Die Preussische Akademie der Künste, die 1696 gegründet wurde, ist in den vergangenen zweieinviertel Jahrhunderten von einer ausserordentlich starken Regsamkeit gewesen; sie hat in gewissen Zeitspannen das ganze Kunstwesen Nord- und Süddeutschlands lebendig durchdrungen. Einige Bemerkungen über ihren Aufbau mögen deshalb gestattet sein.

Die Preussische Akademie setzt sich aus drei Abteilungen zusammen, die jeweils von einem Senat geführt werden. Es sind die Sektionen der bildenden Künste, die der Musik und die der Dichtung*. Ihre allgemeinen Aufgaben waren Pflege aller Künste, Beratung des Staates und Vertretung der Entschlüsse der Künstlerschaft. Von den drei Abteilungen ist die der Dichtung, die rund vierzig Mitglieder umfassen soll, erst spät der Gesamtakademie eingefügt. Sie wurde in der letzten Scheinblüte des Liberalismus errichtet und wohl auch einseitig nach den Meinungen jener Zeit zusammengestellt. Die Revolution hat ihre Zusammensetzung durch sehr bedeutsame Berufungen und Zuwahlen nach der konservativen Richtung hin ergänzt.

Ich zögere bei dem Wort: konservativ. Ich wollte nach dem Kampfgebrauch der letzten Jahre die revolutionär-konservative Richtung bezeichnen, die man mit Möller van den Bruck als 'volkerhaltende Demokratie' dem Intellektualismus, dem Snobismus und dem *laissez faire, laissez aller* des alten Liberalismus entgegenstellte. Die konservativ-revolutionäre Bewegung des Bürgertums war auch tatsächlich die Ebene, auf der sich die erste Schlacht gegen die bisherigen geistigen Lebensformen zugunsten einer neuen Zeit entschied. Neben diesem jungkonservativen Willen des Bürgertums ging aber die sozialistische Revolution Hitlers einher, die, zunächst Bundesgenosse der obengenannten Gruppe, rasch der wesentlich stärkere Teil des Umsturzes in Deutschland wurde.

Beide Gruppen haben trotz mancher Versuchung den verfassungsmässigen Weg gewahrt; eine Zweidrittelmehrheit des Reichstages hat dem Reichskanzler für vier Jahre die Vollmacht römischer Konsuln und mittelalterlicher Staatengründer gegeben. Der Reichskanzler hat, mit diesen Vollmachten ausgerüstet, begonnen, den sozialistischen Staat zu errichten, — ohne Parlament, weil er glaubt, dass seine Ziele in Kampf gegen Hochkapitalismus und Grossgrundbesitz nur auf dem Wege uneingeschränkter Vollmacht durchführbar seien. Er hat, — und das ist für die weiteren Ausführungen wichtig, — auf diesem Wege zugleich das revolutionäre Bürgertum fast ohne Rest in seine Bewegung eingeschmolzen.

Die Zusammenschliessung dieser beiden kämpfenden Gruppen hat es nämlich ermöglicht, dass bei den Zuwahlen zur Akademie, die nach der Revolution stattfand, grosse Auseinandersetzungen vermieden wurden und dass mit ziemlicher Einstimmigkeit Männer aus sehr verschiedenen Lagern auf Grund ihrer Leistung, ohne Parteizugehörigkeit, ohne Vorfrage nach der Weltanschauung berufen wurden. Es gab keine Kämpfe; beide Richtungen, die bürgerlich-revolutionäre und die sozial-revolutionäre gehen heute ineinander auf und leben unter dem Einfluss Hitlers, einer fast religiösen Hingabe und einem Geist der Gemeinschaft, der die Unterschiede der Schichten nicht verneint, aber brüderlich gestaltet.

Ich musste über diese Stimmungen in einigen Worten berichten, um den ausländischen Lesern klarzustellen, dass, abgesehen von den Emigranten, heute das gesamte deutsche Schrifttum einen idealistischen Sozialismus oder, besser gesagt, etwas wie mittelalterliche Gemeinschaft als politisches Bekenntnis pflegt, dass der Aufhebung des Kastengeistes, dass die Wiederherstellung der Ehrfurcht vor der Mutterschaft, vor der Familie, vor der Allmacht, dass die Unterbindung des klein-

lichen partikularistischen Eigennutzes, ebenso wie die Aufrufung der Landschaften zu ihren noch ungelösten Aufgaben in wenigen Monaten einen kaum fassbaren inneren Umschwung in Deutschland gebracht haben, der von der Jugend aller Schichten und von der Künstlerschaft mit einer unerhörten Leidenschaft vorwärts getrieben wird.

Die neue Zeit hat sich nun offenbar so stark gefühlt, dass sie in der Akademie der Dichtung, die ja immer ein Ausdruck grosser Zeitbestimmung ist, die früheren Mitgliedsgruppen, die sie für wertvoll ansah, zum guten Teil erhalten hat. Bedauerlich ist, dass Thomas Mann sich im ersten Eifer zurückzog, — es dürfte ihm heute leid tun, — aber von wesentlichen Namen wie Gerhart Hauptmann, Däubler, Ponten, Stehr, Binding, Molo, Scholz bis hinüber zu dem einst sehr linksradikalen Gottfried Benn, —übrigens einem unserer vorzüglichsten Stilisten, —ist der alte Stamm der Akademie unverändert geblieben.

Die Zuwahlen dieses Sommers, —ich beziehe hier gleich die letzte Nachwahl ein, —brachten dann eine Ergänzung, die von der oben geschilderten kulturpolitischen Bewegung der Zeit ein ziemlich klares Spiegelbild gibt.

Da ist zunächst eine Gruppe früherer Akademiemitglieder neu gewählt worden, die als Protest gegen den politischen Kurs der letzten Jahre ausgetreten waren, —einige vorzügliche Namen wie Schäfer, Strauss und Kolbenheyer seien genannt. Sie vertraten, auch wenn sie sich dessen vielleicht selbst nicht bewusst waren, die revolutionären Elemente des Bürgertums, die, an Zahl nicht gross, für den Erfolg des geistigen Umschwungs aber doch mitentscheidend waren. Zu ihrer Gruppe gehört übrigens auch Hans Grimm, der Schöpfer des deutschen Kolonialromans.

Eine zweite Gruppe der Neugewählten umfasst die Arbeiter- und Bauerndichter. Sie standen bisher vor der Tür der staatlichen Einrichtungen, die neue Akademie hat sie als erste berufen. Da ist Heinrich Lersch, Kesselschmied aus dem Rheinland, dessen Worte auf allen Denkmälern stehen, da ist der Dichter Hermann Claudius, der das Kampflied der Arbeiterjugend 'Wenn wir schreiten Seit an Seit', geschrieben hat. Beide Männer standen politisch vor nicht allzu langer Zeit im Lager der Linken, lösten sich und fanden dann im Nationalsozialismus die Erfüllung ihres Strebens. Da ist noch Ernst Jünger, der, ein feinsinniger Dichter, zugleich eines der leidenschaftlichsten Bücher über den Arbeiter schrieb. Da sind ferner Friedrich Griese, der das Epos der norddeutschen Bauern dichtete, da ist Peter Dörfner, ein katholischer Priester, der den bayrischen Landwirt im Ringen mit der Zeit kämpferisch darstellte.

Noch zwei weitere Gruppen treten unter den neugewählten Mitgliedern der Akademie deutlich hervor. Man hat nach der Wiederwahl und Zuwahl der Arbeiter und Bauerndichter versucht, ältere Dichter der kaiserlichen Zeit die Jahrzehnte im Schatten standen und die dennoch einst Bedeutendes für die deutsche Literatur geleistet haben, noch einmal Dank zu sagen für ihr Werk. So hat man den siebzehnjährigen Johannes Schlaf, der vor dreissig Jahren den Naturalismus führte, jetzt in die Akademie gewählt, man hat der fünfundsiebzehnjährigen Isolde Kurz, man hat Gustav Frenssen und Enrica von Handel-Manzetti die Ehre erwiesen, die ihnen die vergangenen Jahrzehnte versagten. Auch Paul Ernst, der dreissig Jahre Befindete und Ausgestossene wurde berufen; er starb einige Tage nach der Wahl.

Die vierte und letzte Gruppe der Zugewählten umfasst die Dichter der Jugendbewegung, Kämpfer, die als Knaben ungefähr um die Jahrhundertwende von dem neuen Glauben an die Einheit und wirkliche Notgemeinschaft deutschen Volkstums gepackt wurden und, von vielen politischen Lagern belehrt, den Umschwung von heute als Kerntruppe vorbereitet haben. Sie blieben ausserhalb der artistischen Richtung des vorletzten, ausserhalb der psychoanalytischen Dichtung des letzten Jahrzehnts; sie waren die Dichter der neuen Ballade, der Sage, der oft tendenziösen Kurzgeschichten und waren daneben die Lyriker der Mutterliebe (Johst), des Lebens mit Weib und Kind (Vesper), waren Sänger der neuen religiösen Gläubigkeit (Mell) oder des Kriegerlebnisses (Wehner, Beumelburg). Aus der Reihe dieser Jungen wurde auch der erste Vorsitzende der neuen Akademie, Hanns Johst, gewählt, ein prächtiger, atemloser Kämpfer der seit zehn Jahren die Revolution vorbereitete.

Uebrigens wurde auch die Senatsneubildung der Akademie bedeutsam. Sie wurde nicht nach dem Alter vorgenommen, sondern nach der Stosskraft des geistigen Umbruchs, nach dem jungen schöpferischen Gestaltungswillen, und steht sehr im Gegensatz zur Literaturauffassung der letzten Jahrzehnte, die, zumal im Ausland, vielfach deutsche Dichtung mit gehobener bürgerlicher Unterhaltungsliteratur verwechselte hat.

Der neue Senat der Akademie, der Kolbenheyer, Schäfer, Johst, Stehr, Münchhausen, Beumelburg und andere umfasst,

*Der Verfasser dieses Artikels gehört selbst zur Abteilung für Dichtung der preussischen Akademie der Künste

ist verfassungsgemäss das eigentliche Arbeitspremium. Er beruft einen Beirat von Mitarbeitern und hat eine Reihe von Ausschüssen gebildet, die sich berufsständische Aufgaben des Schrifttums, Rechtsfragen, Begutachtung, Neubildung der Beziehungen zum ausländischen Schrifttum und besonders die Pflege und Beratung der literarischen Jugend zur Aufgabe gemacht haben.

Der wichtigste Beschluss der alten preussischen Akademie, die in ihren ersten Wochen schon recht viel Aktivität entwickelt hat, war aber wohl ihre Umbildung zur Deutschen Akademie. So ehrwürdig die Ueberlieferung der zweieinviertel Jahrhundert unter preussischer Führung war, so leidenschaftlich hat sich Wille und Gesinnung der Jugend auf die Betonung des gesamten Volkstums deutscher Sprache gerichtet.

Ich glaube, dass man zur weiteren Arbeit dieser Deutschen Akademie der Kunst Vertrauen haben darf. Die allgemeine Umordnung in Deutschland wird noch manches Erstaunliche

und Ueberraschende mit sich bringen. Sie geht aber nicht nur von den Politikern aus, sondern wurde von Dichtern und Künstlern vorbereitet, von dem 'heimlichen Deutschland', wie Lichtenberger von der Sorbonne die Unterströmungen der letzten Zeit nannte. Ich glaube auch, dass nach dem verzweifelten Kampf gegen den Verfall unseres Volkes und nach dem aufreibenden Zwist aller gegen alle, wie er der Kunst der letzten Jahrzehnte den Stempel aufdrückte, durch den neuen einheitlichen Grundzug im Willen des gesammelten Volkes und auch seiner Künstlerschaft viel Kraft für die wirklich schöpferische Arbeit gespart wird. Dass es der Dichtung nicht an Vielfältigkeit gebricht, dafür sorgt die ungeheuer bewegte Zeit, dafür sorgt die Gewalt des Umschwunges zum deutschen Sozialismus. Auch wer glaubt, dass die Kunst unabhängig von grossen politischen Umwälzungen sei, wird zugeben, dass die politischen Ereignisse oft gerade erst Ausdruck eines geistigen Aufbruchs sind. Und noch immer hat die Kunst fruchtbar geholfen, die neue Zeit weiterzuführen, an deren Anfang sie stand,

Summary of Programmes

National (Daventry) Programme

Daventry 193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.); Northern (N.N.)—995 kc/s (301.5 m.); Scottish (S.N.)—1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

Full details of the programmes will be found in THE RADIO TIMES

SUNDAY, AUGUST 6

10.30.—Weather Forecast. 11.0.—Portsmouth Navy Week. Service from H.M.S. Victory, Portsmouth Dockyard. 12.30.—Orchestra and Janette Sclanders (Soprano) (S.R. Programme). 1.30.—Pianoforte Recital by Leonard Isaacs. 2.0.—Gerthom Parkington Quintet and Eveline Stevenson (Soprano). 3.0.—Gramophone Records. 3.45.—Children's Service. 4.15.—Central Band of H.M. Royal Air Force and John Thorne (Baritone). 5.30.—Violin Recital by Antonio Brosa. 6.0.—Bible Reading. 8.0.—Service from the Studio. 8.15.—'God and the World Through Christian Eyes'. C. C. J. Webb: 'Man and Morality'. 8.45.—Appeal on behalf of The Carnarvonshire and Anglesey Infirmary. 8.50.—News. 9.5.—Chamber Music. Lily Zaehner (Soprano), Leon Goossens (Oboe), and The International String Quartet. 10.30.—Epilogue.

MONDAY, AUGUST 7

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Weather Forecast. 12.0.—Organ (W.R. Programme). 12.45.—Orchestra (From Manchester). 1.45.—Gramophone Records. 3.0.—Orchestra. 3.45.—Orchestra and Anthony Feasby (Baritone) (N.R. Programme). 4.45.—Gramophone Records. 5.15.—Children's Hour (W.R. Programme). 6.0.—News. 6.30.—Trial for The Dunmow Filch, from Causeway Meadows, Dunmow. 7.15.—Reginald King and his Orchestra. 8.0.—Suitable Songs—VIII: Including Some Genuine Antiques, Wireless Chorus (Section C) and B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra. 9.0.—News.

9.20.—Act II of 'Orpheus and Eurydice', from the Festival Theatre, Salzburg, conducted by Bruno Walter. 9.55.—Serenade. B.B.C. Orchestra (Section E). 10.55.—Reading. 11.0.—Dance Music.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 8

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Weather Forecast. 12.0.—Organ. 12.45.—Orchestra. 1.30.—Orchestra (from Birmingham). 2.15.—Light Classical Concert. Louise Marshall (Mezzo-Soprano) and The New English Trio. 3.0.—Gramophone Records. 4.15.—Orchestra. 5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News. 6.30.—Organ (N.R. Programme). 7.0.—Orchestra and Florence Fielden (Contralto) (N.R. Programme). 8.0.—Orchestral Concert. Antonia Butler (Violoncello) and the B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C). 9.0.—News. 9.20.—Variety. 10.20.—B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra, the B.B.C. Revue Chorus, Leo Mussi (Tenor) and Appleton Moore (Baritone), in a Programme of Compositions by Ernest Longstaffe and Erik Langenburg. 10.55.—Reading. 11.0.—Dance Music.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Weather Forecast. 12.0.—Organ. 12.45.—Orchestra and Margaret Arnel (Soprano) (from Edinburgh). 1.30.—Orchestra. 2.15.—Gramophone Records. 3.0.—Pianoforte Interlude by Cecil Dixon. 3.15.—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra and William Busch (Pianoforte). 4.45.—Organ. 5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News.

6.30.—London Zigeuner Orchestra with Max Turganoff (Tenor). 7.30.—Music by Cyril Scott. Gertrude Johnson (Soprano) and Cyril Scott (Pianoforte). 8.0.—Wireless Military Band and Nora Gruhn (Soprano). 9.0.—News. 9.20.—'Mr. Petre', by Hilaire Belloc, made into a play for broadcasting by Lance Sieveking. 10.40.—Reading. 10.45.—Dance Music.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Weather Forecast. 12.0.—Orchestra. 1.15.—Gramophone Records. 2.0.—Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales. Presidential Address by The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George; and The Adjudication on the Chair Poem and Ceremony of Chairing of the successful Bard. 3.0.—Westminster Abbey Evensong. 3.45.—Orchestra (N.R. Programme). 5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News. 6.30.—Gramophone Records. 7.0.—Victor Olof Sextet and Rispah Goodacre (Contralto). 8.0.—Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales. Orchestral and Choral Concert. Parry Jones (Tenor), The Eisteddfod Choir and The Hallé Orchestra. 9.0.—News. 9.20.—Talk. 9.40.—Recital by Noel Eadie (Soprano) and William Primrose (Viola). 10.40.—Reading. 10.45.—Dance Music.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Weather Forecast. 12.0.—Organ. 12.45.—Orchestra. 1.45.—Orchestra (from Birmingham). 2.15.—Gramophone Records. 3.0.—Orchestra and Alexander Carmichael (Baritone) (S.R. Programme). 4.15.—Orchestra.

5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News. 6.30.—Eugene Pini and his Tango Orchestra. Thérèse la Cava (Mezzo-Soprano). 7.30.—Sailor Shanties. The Wireless Male Voice Chorus and William Parsons (Baritone). 8.0.—Wireless Military Band and Ethel Barker (Contralto). 9.0.—News. 9.20.—'There's more Magic in the Air'. An Adventure in Broadcasting. The B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra and Chorus. 10.20.—Pianoforte Recital by Isabel Gray. 10.50.—Reading. 10.55.—Dance Music.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Weather Forecast. 12.0.—Orchestra (from Birmingham). 12.45.—Gramophone Records. 1.15.—Orchestra. 2.15.—Gramophone Records. 2.45.—Orchestra. 3.30.—Orchestra and Charles Till (Baritone) (M.R. Programme). 4.45.—Organ. 5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News. 6.30.—Sports Talk. Mr. L. A. Godfree: 'Lawn Tennis: The Umpire and his Linesman'. 6.45.—Welsh Interlude. Dilys Wynne Jones (Contralto). Folk Songs. 7.5.—Fred Hartley and his Novelty Quintet with Cavan O'Connor. 7.55.—Promenade Concert from the Queen's Hall, conducted by Sir Henry Wood. First night of the thirty-ninth season. Dora Labbette (Soprano), Harold Williams (Baritone), Antonio Brosa (Violin), Marcel Dupré (Organ), and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. 9.40.—News. 9.55.—Promenade Concert (continued). 10.30.—Reading. 10.35.—Dance Music.

Regional Programme

London—842 kc/s (356.3 m.); Midland (M.R.)—752 kc/s (398.9 m.); Western (W.R.)—968 kc/s (309.9 m.);

Northern (N.R.)—626 kc/s (479.2 m.); Scottish Region (S.R.)—797 kc/s (376.4 m.)

Unless otherwise stated, the items refer to the London Regional Programme only

SUNDAY, AUGUST 6

11.0 and 12.30.—Daventry Programme. 3.45.—Orchestral Concert. Gladys Ripley (Contralto) and The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C). 5.0.—Reading from Classical Literature. 7.50.—Service from Coventry Cathedral (M.R. Programme). 8.45.—Appeal on behalf of The Hop Pickers' Medical Treatment Board, by the Rt. Hon. Lord Cornwallis. 8.50.—News. 9.5.—B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra and William Parsons (Baritone). 10.30.—Epilogue.

MONDAY, AUGUST 7

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Daventry Programme. 12.0.—Orchestra (N.R. Programme). 1.0.—Gramophone Records. 2.0.—Orchestra (M.R. Programme). 3.0.—Daventry Programme. N.R. Eyewitness account of the County Cricket Match between Yorkshire and Lancashire at Headingley. 3.45.—Orchestra and Anthony Feasby (Baritone) (N.R.

Programme). 4.45.—8.0.—Daventry Programme. 8.0.—Orchestral Concert. Norman Allin (Bass) and the B.B.C. Orchestra (Section D). 9.15.—Dance Music. 10.15.—News. 10.30.—Dance Music.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 8

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Daventry Programme. 12.0.—Gramophone Records. 1.0.—Organ (M.R. Programme). 1.45.—Haydn Heard and his Band (M.R. Programme). 2.30.—Orchestra (S.R. Programme). 3.0.—6.30.—Daventry Programme. 6.30.—Organ (N.R. Programme). 7.0.—Orchestra and Florence Fielden (Contralto) (N.R. Programme). 8.0.—Gramophone Records. 8.35.—Act II of 'The Magic Flute' (Mozart), from the Residenztheater, Munich. 10.30.—News. 10.45.—Dance Music.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Daventry

Programme. 12.0.—Orchestra (N.R. Programme). 12.45.—Gramophone Records. 1.15.—Organ (M.R. Programme). 2.15.—Orchestra (M.R. Programme). 3.0.—8.0.—Daventry Programme. 8.0.—Chamber Music. Sinclair Logan (Baritone) and The Canadian Trio. 9.15.—Orchestral Concert. Angus Morrison (Pianoforte) and The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C). 10.0.—M.R. 'Seeing Life on Ten Pounds'. Princess, Nathalie Troubetzkoy. 'The Baltic'. 10.15.—News. 10.30.—Dance Music.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Daventry Programme. 12.0.—Organ (W.R. Programme). 12.45.—Ballad Concert (M.R. Programme). 2.0.—Orchestra (M.R. Programme). 3.0.—8.0.—Daventry Programme. 8.0.—'There's More Magic in the Air'. An Adventure in Broadcasting. The B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra and Chorus. 9.0.—Orchestral Concert. Betty Humby

(Pianoforte) and the B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C). 10.15.—News. 10.30.—Dance Music.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Daventry Programme. 12.0.—Orchestra (N.R. Programme). 1.15.—Gramophone Records. 2.0.—Orchestra (N.R. Programme). 3.0.—Orchestra and Alexander Carmichael (Baritone) (S.R. Programme). 4.15.—8.0.—Daventry Programme. 8.0.—'Mr. Petre', by Hilaire Belloc, made into a Play for Broadcasting by Lance Sieveking. 9.20.—Orchestral Concert. B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C). 10.15.—News. 10.30.—Dance Music.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—7.55.—Daventry Programme. 7.55.—Variety. 9.0.—News. 9.15.—Wireless Military Band and Frank Titterton (Tenor). 10.30.—Dance Music.